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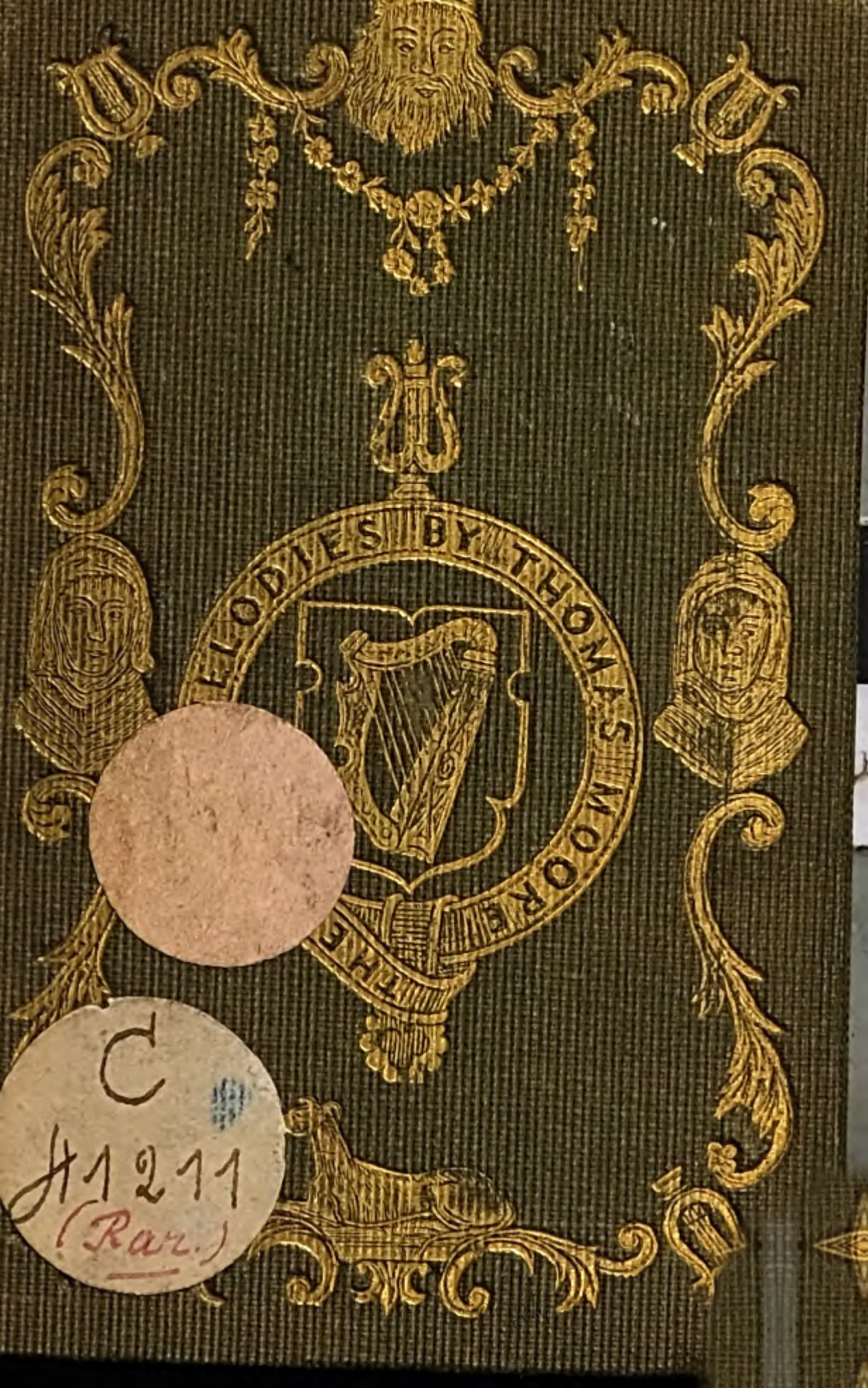
MELODIES BY THOMAS MOORE
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Tomás Ó Mórda,

Flaiṫ na b-fileḋ,

Ró ċan fo

AR ÉIRINN.

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Thomas Moore

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MOORE'S

IRISH MELODIES,

AND

Miscellaneous Poems.

WITH A MEMOIR

By that lake whose gloomy shore

DUBLIN:
PUBLISHED BY CUMMING & FERGUSON,
17, Lower Ormond Quay.

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THE IRISH MELODIES

AND

OTHER POEMS;

WITH A

MELOLOGUE UPON NATIONAL MUSIC.

BY

Thomas Moore, Esq;

AND A SKETCH OF

THE AUTHOR'S LITERARY CAREER.

NEW EDITION.

DUBLIN:

CUMMING AND FERGUSON

LOWER ORMOND QUAY.

1846.

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DUBLIN:
PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS,
BY M. H. GILL.

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PREFACE.

THOUGH an edition of the Poetry of the Irish Melodies, separate from the Music, has long been called for, yet, having, for many reasons, a strong objection to this sort of divorce, I should with difficulty have consented to a disunion of the Words from the Airs, had it depended solely upon me to keep them quietly and indissolubly together; but, besides the various shapes in which these, as well as my other lyrical writings, have been published throughout America, they are included, of course, in

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the two editions of all my works printed at Paris. I have, therefore, readily acceded to the wish of the Proprietor of the Irish Melodies for a revised and complete edition of the Poetry, though well aware that it is impossible for these verses to be detached from the beautiful Airs to which they were associated, without losing more than the "*animæ dimidium*" in the process.

The Notes and Prefatory Letter upon Music, together with the Melologue upon National Music, and the Advertisements attached to each Number, will be found in an Appendix at the end of the Volume.

T. M.

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Thomas Moore.

A GREAT French historian, Thierry, observes, that "there are nations with retentive memories, whom the thought of independence does not abandon even in servitude, and who, resisting against habit, which is elsewhere so powerful, at the end of centuries still detest and abjure the condition, which a superior power has imposed upon them—such is the Irish nation. To maintain these recollections against the efforts of the conquerors, the Irish made for themselves monuments which neither steel nor fire could destroy; they had recourse to the art of singing, in which they gloried in excelling; and which, in the times of independence, had been their pride and pleasure. The bards and minstrels became the keepers of the records of the nation; wandering from village to village, they carried to every hearth, memories of ancient Ireland; they studied to render them agreeable to all tastes and all ages; they had warlike songs for the men, love ditties for the women, and marvellous

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tales for the children. Every house preserved two harps ever ready for travellers, and he who could best celebrate the liberty of former times, the glory of patriots, and the grandeur of their cause, was rewarded by a more lavish hospitality. Their rulers endeavoured, more than once, to strike a blow at the country in this last refuge of its regrets and hopes; the wandering poets were persecuted, banished, delivered up to torture and death; but violence served only to irritate indomitable wills; the art of singing and poetry had its martyrs, like religion; and the remembrances, the destruction of which was desired, were increased by the feeling of how much they cost them to preserve.

"The words of the national songs, in which Ireland has described its long sufferings, have mostly perished, the music alone has been preserved. It may serve as a commentary on the history of the country; it paints the recesses of the soul, as well as narratives paint actions; we find in it a great deal of langour and dejection, a profoundly-felt, but vaguely-expressed grief, like sorrow which becomes hushed when it is observed. Sometimes a little hope or levity betrays itself; but even in the most lively melodies, some melancholy chord comes in unexpectedly, some change of key, which hastily brings back more gloomy feelings; as we

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see on a cloudy day a sunbeam appear for one minute, and instantly vanish again. Mr. Moore is both a poet and a musician, like the old bards of his native land; but instead of their wild inspirations, he has all the graces of cultivated taste; and his love of independence, enlarged by modern philosophy, does not limit all his hopes to the deliverance of Erin; he celebrates liberty as the right of all men, as the charm of all the countries of the world. The English words which he has composed upon the rhythm of the ancient Irish airs, are full of generous sentiments, stamped with local forms and colourings; these forms, almost always mysterious, have, moreover, a charm peculiar to themselves."

It is a great title to the gratitude of a nation, to have sung its present or its past history, its secured or its violated rights, in verses capable of becoming popular. This, in an eminent degree, Mr. Moore has done for Ireland. Of him the following MEMOIR, imperfect though it be, will, it is hoped, form an acceptable introduction to the IRISH MELODIES, the fadeless laurels of his fame.

MR. MOORE is the only son of Mr. John Moore, a respectable citizen of Dublin, where the future poet was born on the 28th of May, 1780. To those who are curious in the matter of loca-

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lity, it may be stated, that the house in which he first saw the light is No. 12, Aungier-street, the southern corner of Little Longford-street. Young Moore's infantine days seem to have left the most pleasing impressions on his memory; poetry rocked him in his cradle, and while yet a child

"He lisp'd in numbers, as the numbers came;"

thereby verifying the truth of Milton's couplet, that

"Childhood sheweth the man,
As morning doth the day."

His home was essentially a home of love; his tastes and his friendships, formed almost in boyhood, have tinged his principles and feelings throughout life; and from the earliest period there seems to have been a prophetic anticipation, by all who knew him, of his subsequent celebrity. His education was superintended by Samuel Whyte, at 79, Grafton-street, who had also been Sheridan's preceptor, and to whom he pays an honourable tribute, in his biography of that brilliant man. "At the time," says Mr. Moore, "when I first began to attend his school, Mr. Whyte still continued, to the no small alarm of many parents, to encourage a taste for acting

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among his pupils. In this line I was long his favourite *show*-scholar." And among the play-bills introduced in his volume, to illustrate the occasions of his own prologues and epilogues, there is one of a play got up in the year 1790, at Lady Burrowes's private theatre in Dublin, where, among the items of the evening's entertainment is "An Epilogue, *A Squeeze to St. Paul's*.—MASTER MOORE." At the age of fourteen Moore contributed some verses to THE ANTHOLOGIA, a Dublin Magazine, when he was welcomed as "Our esteemed Correspondent, T. M."

Young Moore's parents, being Roman Catholics, were, at this period (1792), proscribed and fettered by the penal laws, and they were among the number who "hailed the first dazzling outbreak of the French Revolution as a signal to the slave, wherever suffering, that the day of his deliverance was near at hand." The poet states that he was taken by his father to one of the dinners given in honor of that great event, and sat upon the chairman's knee, while the following toast was enthusiastically sent round:—"May the breezes from France fan our Irish oak into verdure."

Parliament having, in 1793, opened Trinity College to Catholics, which had, previously, been to them a "fountain sealed," Mr. Moore was among

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the first who availed themselves of the privilege; and having evinced considerable aptitude as a scholar, at the age of fourteen he entered the University of Dublin. While resident there, he was distinguished by the most devoted attachment to father-land, his classical attainments, and the sociability of his disposition. Thus commenced the career of a man who was to gain for himself a name immortal in the literature of his country; "though still excluded," observes Mr. Moore, "from all share in those college honours and emoluments, by which the ambition of youths of the ascendant class was stimulated and rewarded. As I well knew, that, next to my attaining some of these distinctions, my shewing that I *deserved* to attain them would most gratify my anxious mother, I entered as candidate for a scholarship, and, as far as the result of the examination went, successfully. But of course the mere barren credit of the effort, was all I enjoyed for my pains."

Towards the close of 1799 Mr. Moore was enrolled a member of the Middle Temple in London; and the year following he published by subscription a translation of *The Odes of Anacreon*, and at once became famous. This book was dedicated to the Prince of Wales. At a subsequent period he was among the keenest of his

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Royal Highness's satirists, for which he has been very unjustly accused of ingratitude, as the amount of his obligations were, the honour of dining twice at Carlton House, and being admitted to a grand *fete* given by the Prince, on being made Regent. The adherence to his principles caused the separation, and the love of country was the cloud that intercepted the sunshine of Court favour. However, the embellished style of his poetry, his unpretending origin, and his *mignon* figure, soon introduced him to the notice of the aristocracy; and his gaiety, wit, good humour, and many agreeable accomplishments, fixed him there, the darling of his friends, and the idol of fashion.

Assuming the name of *Little*, our author published, in 1801, a volume of *Poems*, chiefly amatory. His next publication was political, being two poems, *Corruption* and *Intolerance*, in both of which he evinces his ardour as a patriot. *A Candid Appeal to Public Confidence*, another work devoted to the topics of the day, bears date 1803; and about this period, he produced a dramatic composition, entitled *The Gipsy Prince*.

On the 25th of September, 1803, he embarked for the Bermuda Islands, which had already been rendered remarkable by the residence of the poet Waller, who, by celebrating the beauty of their

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aspect, and the felicity of the climate, spread around them a poetic lustre. In these islands Mr. Moore had obtained the appointment of Registrar to the Admiralty. This was a patent place, the duties of which were of a nature so unsuited to his disposition, that he found it necessary to fulfil them by means of a deputy, through whose subsequent misconduct he suffered considerable pecuniary loss. To use his own words: "that he should ever have been chosen for such an employment, seems one of those freaks or anomalies of human destiny which baffle all ordinary speculation." In 1804 he resigned his appointment, and on his way homeward paid a flying visit to America; he first proceeded to Boston, thence to Norfolk in Virginia, and shortly after he returned, having been absent fourteen months from Europe. In 1806 he published his *Odes and Epistles*, descriptive of the West Indies, and manners and society in America. The sketches in this book are remarkable for their fidelity, no less than for their extreme poetic beauty. "He has contrived," says Captain Basil Hall, "by a magic peculiarly his own, yet without departing from the truth, to sketch what was before him with a fervour, which those who have never been on the spot, might well be excused for setting down as the sport of the poet's invention."

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Divided as Ireland has been by the ungenerous policy of her rulers, deserted by her nobles, driven by her poverty, her misfortunes, and her wrongs, to the moping inanity of despair, her melodies would soon have shared the fate of her minstrels, if the genius of Moore had not averted such a catastrophe. In 1807 he presented himself to the world, as the author of THE IRISH MELODIES. Their instant success is without parallel in the history of literature. "The language of sorrow is, in general, best suited to our music, and with themes of this nature the poet may be amply supplied. There is not a page of our annals which cannot afford him a subject; and while the national muse of other countries adorns her temples with trophies of the past, in Ireland, her altars, like the shrine of Pity at Athens, are to be known only by the tears that are shed upon them, 'Lachrymis altaria sudant.'" The Melodies displayed a fervour and a pathos not to be found in his earlier works, along with the most perfect sweetness and purity of diction. An accomplished musician himself, "it was the effort," he tells us, "to translate into language the emotions and passions which music appeared to him to express, that first led to his writing any poetry worthy of the name. The old airs were consecrated to recollections of the ancient glories, the valour, the

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beauty, and sufferings of Ireland, and became inseparably connected with such associations." It should be recorded, that our author was assisted by Sir John Stevenson in the musical arrangement of the work; and that the Melodies have been translated into Irish, Latin, Italian, French, Russian, and Polish.

While on the fascinating subject of song-writing, we would advert to his *National Melodies*, a most charming series. The *Sacred Melodies*, abounding in devotional fervour. The *Evenings in Greece* and the *Summer Fete*, where the songs are strung together on a connecting thread of verse, slight, indeed, but always golden. These, and a countless variety of songs, duets, &c. Mr. Moore poured forth with a fertility almost unexampled.

In 1811 Mr. Moore made his second dramatic essay, entitled *M. P. or The Blue Stocking;* and during the six subsequent years he was occupied with the publication of political *jeux d'esprit*, the doings of the Prince Regent supplying him with ample materials. Many of these appeared in "THE TIMES," with which newspaper he was understood to have formed a regular connexion. *The Twopenny Post Bag* was published in 1813, and about this period the authors of *Childe Harold*, and *The Irish Melodies*, assumed the matri-

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monial yoke, but with far different results as regards happiness.

Mr. Moore was next induced to attempt a poem on an oriental subject, and before his publishers had seen a line of the manuscript, while most of it was yet unwritten, they agreed to give him three thousand guineas for the copyright. In a secluded cottage in Derbyshire were written some of the best and most popular portions of the work; and in June, 1817, *Lalla Rookh* appeared amid a hum of general expectation, and it was immediately received by the public with an unanimous burst of applause. It is a romance, the accuracy of which, as regards topographical, antiquarian, and characteristic details, has been vouched by the most competent witnesses. The poetry is brilliant and gorgeous, rich to excess, with imagery and ornament, and oppressive from its very sweetness and splendour. Of the four tales which constitute the entire poem, the most simple is *Paradise and the Peri*, and it is the one most frequently read and remembered; still *The Veiled Prophet* is a poem of great energy and power. Altogether *Lalla Rookh* is a most marvellous work of art, and contains paintings of local scenery and manners, unsurpassed for fidelity and picturesque effect. "I must, in justice to my own industry," says Mr. Moore, "notice the pains

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I took in long and laboriously reading for the composition of this work. To form a storehouse, as it were, of illustrations purely oriental, and to familiarize myself with its various treasures, such was, for a long time, the sole object of my studies; and whatever time and trouble this preparatory process may have cost me, the efforts resulting from it, as far as truthfulness is concerned, have been such as to repay me more than sufficiently for my pains. I have not forgotten how great was my pleasure, when told by the late Sir James Mackintosh that he was once asked by Colonel Wilks, 'whether it was true that Moore had never been in the East?' 'Never,' answered Mackintosh.' 'Well, that shews me,' replied the Colonel, 'that reading over D'Herbelot, is as good as riding on the back of a camel.'"

After the publication of *Lalla Rookh*, Mr. Moore, accompanied by the poet Rogers, set off on a visit to Paris. "The groups of ridiculous English, who, in 1818, were swarming in all directions throughout France," supplied the materials for his brilliant satire, *The Fudge Family in Paris*.

In the year following, the author made another tour to the Continent, in company with Lord John Russell; and this furnished his *Rhymes for the Road*, a series of verses often graceful and pleas-

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ing, but so conversational and unstudied, as to be little better, to use his own words, than "prose fringed with rhyme." From Paris they proceeded to Italy. Lord John took the route to Genoa, and Mr. Moore went on a visit to Lord Byron at Venice. On his return, Mr. Moore took up his abode in the French capital, where he resided till 1822. Being involved in pecuniary difficulties by the conduct of the person who acted as his deputy at Bermuda, his friends pressed forward with eager kindness to help to release him, one offering to place five hundred pounds at his disposal; but he came to the resolution of "gratefully declining their offers, and endeavouring to work out his deliverance by his own efforts." In September, 1822, he was informed that an arrangement had been made, and that he might, with safety, return to England. The amount of the claims of the American merchants had been reduced to the sum of one thousand guineas, and towards the payment of this, the uncle of his deputy, a rich London merchant, had been induced to contribute three hundred pounds. A friend of the poet immediately deposited in the hands of a banker the remaining portion (seven hundred and fifty pounds), which was soon repaid by the grateful bard, who, in June, 1823, on receiving his publishers' account

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found one thousand pounds placed to his credit from the sale of the *Loves of the Angels*, and five hundred from the *Fables for the Holy Alliance*. The latter was partly written while Mr. Moore was at Venice with Lord Byron, and was published under the *nom de guerre* of Thomas Brown. The *Loves of the Angels* was written in Paris. It is a tale of the Arabian heaven, and there certainly is nothing in the wondrous "Thousand and One Nights" so rich and beautiful in its imagery and pathos, as in these impassioned verses. "It is an eastern allegory," says the author, "on which I had, some years before, begun a prose story, but in which, as a theme for poetry, I had now been anticipated by Lord Byron, in one of the most sublime of his many poetical miracles, 'Heaven and Earth.' Knowing how soon I should be lost in the shadow, into which so gigantic a precursor would cast me, I had endeavoured, by a speed of composition, which must have astonished my habitually slow pen, to get the start of my noble friend in the time of publication, and thus afforded myself the sole chance I could, perhaps, expect, under such unequal rivalry, of attracting to my work the attention of the public. In this humble speculation, however, I failed, for the two works made their appearance at the same time." Both authors took

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the subject from the second verse of the sixth chapter of Genesis.

Subsequently (1824) appeared, *The Memoirs of Captain Rock*, containing much keen and forcible political writing: in 1827, *The Epicurean*, an eastern tale in prose, full of the spirit and material of poetry, and forming, perhaps, the author's highest and best-sustained flight in the regions of romance: in 1831, *The Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*, written throughout in such a tone, that we feel the author loved his task, and that the tale of the fortunes of this amiable, highly-gifted, and ill-starred young nobleman, wrecked amidst the convulsions of a disastrous period, could not have been confided to a more faithful pen: in the same year, *The Life of Lord Byron*, composed in a clear, chaste, dignified, and manly manner; its criticism is eloquent and discriminating, and the friendship it discovers for Byron equally creditable to the writer's generosity and feeling: from 1835 to 1846, a *History of Ireland*, respecting which it has been said, that he "fortunately brings to his labours not only extensive learning in the newly-trodden paths of Irish history, but strict impartiality, rendered still more uncompromising by an ennobling love of liberty," that "every page of his work contains evidence of research," and that "innumerable passages might

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be cited in proof of the independent and truth-seeking spirit of the author:" in 1840, *Alciphron*. One of the wittiest thing of his, in prose, we have read, is an article in the Edinburgh Review on " Boyd's Lives of the Fathers," where, as in Gibbon, jests lurk under loads of learning, *double-entendres* disguise themselves in Greek, and where you are at a loss whether most to chuckle at the wit, or to admire the erudition. The enumeration of these, a portion only of his literary performances, suggests at once the scholarship and varied talents of the writer, as an historian, a biographer, and a poet. In the latter capacity he is best known, and of his poetry we would first speak.

By the general consent of the ablest critics, our author's place has been assigned among the first masters of the art. In luxuriant fancy, in exquisite colouring, in musical rhythm, in glowing description, in tenderness, softness, and loveliness, in surpassing metaphor and apt comparison, he stands without a rival. The matchless melody which everywhere breathes through his verses will almost warrant the expression, that his poetry is a combination of music and painting, unrivalled in softness of sound, delicacy of touch, and brilliancy of colouring. If the dearest and most impassioned feelings of the heart, and the

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most brilliant flights of fancy, accord best with the strains of poetry, then Mr. Moore must stand pre-eminent as the Champion of Song.

However great the fame he may have acquired as the author of *Lalla Rookh*, it is probable that as the author of *The Irish Melodies* he will descend to posterity unrivalled and alone. Mr. Moore's own opinion is, "that it is the only work of my pen, whose fame may boast a chance of prolonging its existence to a day much beyond our own." Lord Byron prophetically observes, "that they will be perpetuated with the music, and both will last as long as music and poetry."

In reviewing *Lalla Rookh*, Lord Jeffrey, one of our ablest critics, has observed, that "there is a great deal of our recent poetry derived from the East; but this is the finest orientalism we have had yet. The land of the sun has never shone out so brightly on the children of the north—nor the sweets of Asia been poured forth, nor her gorgeousness displayed so profusely to the delighted senses of Europe. The beauteous forms, the dazzling splendours, the breathing odours of the East, seem at least to have found a kindred poet in that Green Isle of the West, whose genius has long been suspected to be derived from a warmer clime, and now wantons and luxuriates in these voluptuous regions, as if it

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felt that it had at length regained its native element. It is amazing, indeed, how much at home Mr. Moore seems to be in India, Persia, and Arabia; and how purely and strictly Asiatic all the colouring and imagery of his book appears. He is thoroughly imbued with the character of the scenes to which he transports us; and yet the extent of his knowledge is less wonderful than the dexterity and apparent felicity with which he has turned it to account in the elucidation and embellishment of his poetry. There is not a simile or description, a name, a trait of history, or allusion of romance, which belongs to European experience, that does not indicate an entire familiarity with the life, nature, and learning of the East.

"We have now said sufficient to let our readers understand both what it is, and what we think of it. Its great fault, certainly, is its excessive finery, and its great charm the inexhaustible copiousness of its imagery, the sweetness and ease of its diction, and the beauty of the objects and sentiments with which it is concerned. Its finery, it should be observed, is not the vulgar ostentation which so often disguises poverty or meanness, but the extravagance of excessive wealth. Altogether it is a work of exceeding beauty, that not only delights the fancy, by its general brilliancy and spirit, but moves all the tender and noble feelings of

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our nature, with a deep and powerful agitation. There are passages in it, and these neither few nor brief, over which the very Genius of Poetry seems to have breathed his richest enchantment,—where the melody of the verse, and the beauty of the images, conspire so harmoniously with the force and tenderness of the emotion, that the whole is blended into one deep and bright stream of sweetness and feeling, along which the spirit of the reader is borne passively away, through labyrinths of delight. His poetry is, as it were, a thornless rose; its touch is velvet, its hue vermillion, and its graceful form is cast in beauty's mould. Critically speaking, Mr. Moore is a colourist in poetry; a musician also; and has a heart full of tenderness and susceptibility for all that is delightful and amiable in itself, and that does not require the ordeal of suffering, of crime, or of deep thought, to stamp it with a bold character. In this, we conceive, consists the charm of his poetry, for there is neither wrinkle nor deformity on its smooth and shining surface." Campbell, "the Bard of Hope," has said that "Moore possessed the most sparkling and brilliant fancy of any modern poet."

The Twopenny Post Bag, *Fudge Family*, *Cash*, *Corn*, and *Catholics*, with numerous smaller pieces on the current topics of the day, are not excelled

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in their own peculiar walk by any satirical compositions in the language. They constitute a perfect gallery of fun without ferocity, and without more malice than serves to give them poignancy and point; but they contain many allusions, which have lost much of their flavour, with the occasion that produced them. " His light and polished style pierces through the body of the Court, and spears a phalanx of statesmen with its glittering point, as with a diamond brooch.

" In choosing songs the REGENT named,
'Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd;'
While gentle HERTFORD begged and pray'd
For 'Young I am, and sore afraid.'"

" Nothing in Pope or Prior," says Hazlitt, " ever surpassed the delicate insinuations and adroit satire of these lines." All his political feelings, all the hatred, which as an Irishman and as a gentleman, he entertains for insincerity and selfishness in high places, come out through the veil of his witty and eloquent verse. Of a great satirist only one element seems wanting, namely the cool, concentrated malignity that possessed Juvenal and Junius. He hates, they loathe; his arrows are polished, their's are poisoned; his malice is that of a man, their's is that of a demon.

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With regard to our Author, *personally*, Sir Walter Scott, in his Diary, observes, that "there is a manly frankness, with a perfect ease and good breeding about him, which is delightful; he is a little, a very little man; his countenance is plain; but the expression so very animated, especially in speaking or singing, that it is far more interesting than the finest features could have rendered it." Lord Byron says that "Moore has a peculiarity of talents—poetry, music, voice—all his own, and that there is nothing he may not do, if he will but seriously set about it. In society, he is gentlemanlike, and altogether more pleasing than any individual with whom he was acquainted." The kindness of his heart, the goodness of his nature, and the benevolence of his disposition, are appreciated by all who have the privilege of his acquaintance.

In August, 1835, the poet's career was brightened by the bounty of his Sovereign, when a pension of three hundred pounds a year was settled upon him. This was a fitting reward for one who has never falsified his principles by word or by silence; and who has passed through trying vicissitudes of fortune, with his honour unstained and unquestioned.

Mr. Moore resides at Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, in Wiltshire, in the vicinity of his friend

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Lord Lansdowne; where he has preferred retirement to celebrity, except that which the Muses have so lavishly bestowed upon him, and he resists all attempts to lure him into the arena of public life. As a Scholar, his learning is not only extensive, but sound; and he is pre-eminent for those qualities which attract and charm in society.

Here we might stop, but we cannot take leave of THE POET, without offering an earnest hope, that now, in the evening of his life, he may continue to enjoy the blessings of health and prosperity, together with that *fame*, almost universal, which has rendered him immortal, and left him without an equal in the firmament of Melody.

When ages shall have passed away, when beauty fades into kindred dust, when statesmen are forgotten, when the race of warriors is no more, in the page of Ireland's history, *one name* will stand forth in bold relief, and one consenting voice proclaim—that the greatest Poet of the nineteenth century was—THOMAS MOORE!

Φ.

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IRISH MELODIES.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE

I.

GO where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me.

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II.

When, at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its ling'ring roses,
Once so lov'd by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her, who made thee love them,
Oh! then remember me.

III.

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me.
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I us'd to sing thee,—
Oh! then remember me.

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WAR SONG.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE. (1)

I.

REMEMBER the glories of Brien the brave,
Tho' the days of the hero are o'er;
Tho' lost to Mononia (2) and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora (3) no more!
The star of the field, which so often has pour'd
Its beam on the battle is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword,
To light us to victory yet!

II.

Mononia! when Nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of slavery there?

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No, Freedom! whose smile we shall never resign,
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
Than to sleep but a moment in chains!

III.

Forget not our wounded companions who stood (4)
In the day of distress by our side;
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died!
The sun, that now blesses our arms with his light,
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain!—
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
To find that they fell there in vain!

ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

ERIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes,
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in the skies!
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns, with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise!

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Erin! thy silent tear shall never cease,
Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form, in heaven's sight,
One arch of peace!

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

I.

OH! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonor'd his relics are laid:
Sad, silent and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!

II.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps,
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

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WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

I.

WHEN he, who adores thee, has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd!
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For, heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee!

II.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine.
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

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THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

I.

THE harp that once, through Tara's halls,
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.—
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more!

II.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord, alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

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FLY NOT YET.

I.

FLY not yet, 'tis just the hour
When pleasure like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon!
'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
That beauty and the moon were made;
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
Set the tides and goblets flowing.
Oh! stay,—Oh! stay,—
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that oh! 'tis pain
To break its links so soon.

II.

Fly not yet, the fount that play'd
In times of old through Ammon's shade, (8)
Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
To burn when night was near:
And, thus should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter brooks,
Nor kindle till the night returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning.

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Oh! stay,—Oh! stay,—
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here!

OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

I.

OH! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now;
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.
No, life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart, that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns!
But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile;
May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

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II.

The thread of our life would be dark, heaven knows!
If it were not with friendship and love inter-twin'd;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind!
But they who have lov'd the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd;
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest
Is happy indeed, if 'twas never deceived.
But send round the bowl, while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine,—
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moon-light of friendship console our decline.

THO' THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN WITH SORROW I SEE.

I.

THO' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.

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II.

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

III.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,
And hang o'er thy soft arm, as wildly it breathes;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair. (6)

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE. (7)

I.

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

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II.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
"So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?
"Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
"As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

III.

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
"No son of Erin will offer me harm:
"For though they love women and golden store
"Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more!"

IV.

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle.
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honor, and Erin's pride!

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS MAY GLOW.

I

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,

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So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny
smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the
while.

II.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can
ring,
For which joy has no balm and affliction no
sting!—

III.

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will
stay,
Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright
ray;
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again!

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS. (1)

I.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters
meet; (2)

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Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

II.

Yet, it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene,
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas *not* the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no,—it was something more exquisite still.

III.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

IV.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

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ST SENANUS AND THE LADY.

ST SENANUS. (10)

"OH! haste and leave this sacred isle,
"Unholy bark, ere morning smile;
"For on thy deck, tho' dark it be,
"A female form I see;
"And I have sworn this sainted sod
"Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod!"

THE LADY.

"Oh! Father, send not hence my bark,
"Through wint'ry winds and billows dark.
"I come with humble heart to share
"Thy morn and evening prayer;
"Nor mine the feet, Oh! holy Saint,
"The brightness of thy sod to taint."

The Lady's prayer Senanus spurned;
The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd.
But legends hint, that had the maid
Till morning's light delay'd,
And given the saint one rosy smile,
She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

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Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could
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And our hearts, like thy waters, be
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book;
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7.

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HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

I.

How dear to me the hour when day-light dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light, that plays
Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest!

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

Written on returning a Blank Book.

I.

Take back the virgin page,
White and unwritten still;
Some hand, more calm and sage,
The leaf must fill.
Thoughts come, as pure as light,
Pure as even *you* require;
But oh! each word I write,
Love turns to fire.

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II.

Yet let me keep the book;
Oft shall my heart renew,
When on its leaves I look,
Dear thoughts of you!
Like you, 'tis fair and bright;
Like you, too bright and fair
To let wild passion write
One wrong wish there!

III.

Haply, when from those eyes
Far, far away I roam,
Should calmer thoughts arise
Tow'rds you and home;
Fancy may trace some line,
Worthy those eyes to meet;
Thoughts that not burn, but shine
Pure, calm and sweet!

IV.

And, as the records are,
Which wandering seamen keep,
Led by their hidden star
Through the cold deep;
So may the words I write
Tell thro' what storms I stray,
You still the unseen light,
Guiding my way!

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THE LEGACY.

I.

WHEN in death I shall calm recline,
O bear my heart to my mistress dear;
Tell her it liv'd upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here;
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn till night.

II.

When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
Hang it up at that friendly door,
Where weary travellers love to call. (11)
Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master waken,
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

III.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel when I'm at rest;
Never, oh! never its balm bestowing,
On lips, that beauty hath seldom blest!

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But when some warm devoted lover
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Then, then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED!

I.

How oft has the Benshee cried!
How oft has death untied
Bright links that Glory wove,
Sweet bonds, entwin'd by love!
Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth!
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth!
Long may the fair and brave
Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

II.

We're fallen upon gloomy days, ([12])
Star after star decays,
Every bright name, that shed
Light o'er the land, is fled.
Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth,
But brightly flows the tear,
Wept o'er a hero's bier!

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III.

Oh! quench'd are our beacon lights—
Thou, of the hundred fights! (13)
Thou, on whose burning tongue (14)
Truth, peace, and freedom hung
Both mute—but long as valour shineth,
Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
So long shall Erin's pride
Tell how they liv'd and died.

WE MAY ROAM THRO' THIS WORLD.

I.

We may roam thro' this world, like a child at a feast,
Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest:
And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings and be off to the west;
But if hearts, that feel, and eyes, that smile,
Are the dearest gifts that Heaven supplies,
We never need leave our own green isle,
For sensitive hearts and for sun-bright eyes.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

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II.

In England, the garden of beauty is kept
  By a dragon of prudery, plac'd within call;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
  That the garden's but carelessly watch'd after all.
Oh! they want the wild, sweet-briery fence,
  Which round the flowers of Erin dwells,
Which warms the touch, while winning the sense,
  Nor charms us least, when it most repels.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
  Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward
    you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
  Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at
    home.

III.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail,
  On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
  But just pilots her off, and then bids her good bye.
While the daughters of Erin keep the boy
  Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
Through billows of woe and beams of joy
  The same as he look'd, when he left the shore.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
  Thro' this world whether eastward or westward
    you roam,

d by Google

When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

I.

Oh! weep for the hour,
When to Eveleen's bower
The Lord of the valley with false vows came;
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.
The clouds past soon
From the chaste, cold moon,
And heaven smil'd again with her vestal flame;
But none will see the day,
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

II.

The white snow lay
On the narrow path-way,
Where the Lord of the valley crost over the moor;
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint
Show'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door

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The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false Lord came;
But there's a light above,
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

I.

LET Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold, (15)
Which he won from the proud invader;
When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger; (16)—
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

II.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays, (17)
When the clear, cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining!

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Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime
  Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look thro' the waves of time
  For the long faded glories they cover!

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA. (18)

I.

SILENT, Oh Moyle! be the roar of thy water,
  Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
  Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
  Sleep, with wings in darkness furl'd?
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
  Call my spirit from this stormy world?

II.

Sadly, Oh Moyle! to thy winter wave weeping,
  Fate bids me languish long ages away;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
  Still doth the pure light its dawning delay!
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
  Warm our isle with peace and love?
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
  Call my spirit to the fields above?

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COME SEND ROUND THE WINE.

I.

COME, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
To simpleton sages, and reasoning fools;
This moment's a flower too fair and brief,
To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools.
Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,
But, while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl,
The fool, who would quarrel for difference of hue,
Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

II.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss
No! perish the hearts, and the laws that try
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this.

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SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

I.

SUBLIME was the warning which Liberty spoke,
And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain!
Oh Liberty! let not this spirit have rest,
Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west—
Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
Nor oh! be the shamrock of Erin forgot,
While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain!

II.

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their rights,
Give to country its charm, and to home its delights,
If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain;
Then, ye men of Iberia! our cause is the same,
And oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath
For the shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain.

III.

Ye Blakes and O'Donnells, whose fathers resign'd
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find

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That repose which, at home, they had sighed for in vain,
Join, join in our hope that the flame, which you light,
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm, and as bright,
And forgive even Albion, while blushing she draws,
Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted cause
Of the Shamrock of Erin, and Olive of Spain!

IV.

God prosper the cause!—oh! it cannot but thrive,
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain;
Then, how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die!
The finger of Glory shall point where they lie,
While, far from the footstep of coward or slave,
The young Spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts, fading away!

d by Google

Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And, around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still!

II.

It is not, while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear!
Oh! the heart that has truly lov'd, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose!

ERIN! OH ERIN!

I.

LIKE the bright lamp, that shone in Kildare's holy fane, (19)
And burn'd thro' long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart, that afflictions have come o'er in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm!
Erin! oh Erin! thus bright, thro' the tears
Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears!

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II.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set;
And, tho' slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam round them yet.
Erin! oh Erin! tho' long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out, when the proudest shall fade.

III.

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwak'd by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through winter's cold hour,
Till Spring, with a touch, her dark slumber unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower. (20)
Erin! oh Erin! *thy* winter is past,
And the hope, that liv'd thro' it, shall blossom at last.

DRINK TO HER.

I.

DRINK to her who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sign;
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy.
Oh! woman's heart was made
For minstrel hands alone;
By other fingers play'd,
It yields not half the tone.

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Then, here's to her, who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy!

II.

At beauty's door of glass
Where Wealth and Wit once stood,
They ask'd her, '*which* might pass?'
She answer'd, 'he who could.'
With golden key Wealth thought
To pass—but 'twould not do;
While Wit a diamond brought,
Which cut his bright way through!
So here's to her, who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy!

III.

The love that seeks a home,
Where wealth or grandeur shine
Is like the gloomy gnome,
That dwells in dark gold mines.
But oh! the poet's love
Can boast a brighter sphere
Its native home's above,
Tho' woman keeps it here!
Then drink to her, who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,

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The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy!

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD. ([21])

I.

OH! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,
Where pleasure lies carelessly smiling at fame;
He was born for much more, and in happier hours,
His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame.
The string, that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart, ([22])
And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire
Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's heart!

II.

But alas! for his country—her pride is gone by,
And that spirit is broken, which never would bend;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.
Unpriz'd are her sons, till they've learn'd to betray;
Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires,

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And the torch that would light them thro' dignity's way
Must be caught from the pile, where their country expires!

III.

Then blame not the bard, if, in pleasure's soft dream,
He should try to forget, what he never can heal;
Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!
That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down
Every passion it nurs'd, every bliss it ador'd,
While the myrtle, now idly entwin'd with his crown,
Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword. (23)

IV.

But tho' glory be gone, and tho' hope fade away,
Thy name, loved Erin! shall live in his songs,
Not ev'n in the hour, when his heart is most gay,
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs!
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive and weep!

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WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

I.

WHILE gazing on the moon's light,
A moment from her smile I turn'd,
To look at orbs, that, more bright,
In lone and distant glory burn'd.
But, *too* far,
Each proud star,
For me to feel its warming flame—
Much more dear,
That mild sphere,
Which near our planet smiling came; (24)
Thus Mary, be but thou my own—
While brighter eyes unheeded play
I'll love those moon-light looks alone,
Which bless my home and guide my way!

II.

The day hath sunk in dim showers,
But midnight now, with lustre meek,
Illumin'd all the pale flowers,
Like hope, that lights a mourner's cheek.
I said, (while
The moon's smile

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Play'd o'er the stream, in dimpling bliss,)
'The moon looks
'On many brooks,
'The brook can see no moon but this;' (25)
And thus, I thought our fortunes run,
For many a lover looks to thee,
While oh! I feel there is but *one*,
One Mary in the world for me.

ILL OMENS.

I.

WHEN day-light was yet sleeping under the billow,
And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,
Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
The last time she e'er was to press it alone.
For the youth, whom she treasur'd her heart and her soul in,
Had promis'd to link the last tie before noon;
And, when once the young heart of a maiden is stol'n,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon!

II.

As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses,
Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
A butterfly, fresh from the night-flower's kisses,
Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view.

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Enrag'd with the insect for hiding her graces,
She brush'd him—he fell, alas! never to rise—
"Ah! such," said the girl, "is the pride of our faces,
"For which the soul's innocence too often dies!"

III.

While she stole thro' the garden, where heart's ease was growing,
She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew;
And a rose, further on, look'd so tempting and glowing,
That spite of her haste, she must gather it too;
But, while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,
Her zone flew in two, and the heart's-ease was lost,
"Ah! this means," said the girl, (and she sighed at its meaning,)
"That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost!"

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

I.

By the hope, within us springing,
Herald of to-morrow's strife;
By that sun, whose light is bringing
Chains or freedom, death or life—

by Google

Oh! remember, life can be
No charm for him, who lives not free!
Like the day-star in the wave,
Sinks a hero to his grave,
Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears!

Happy is he o'er whose decline
The smiles of home may soothing shine
And light him down the steep of years:—
But oh! how grand they sink to rest,
Who close their eyes on victory's breast!

II.

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
When his heart that field remembers,
Where we dimm'd his glory's light!
Never let him bind again
A chain, like that we broke from them.
Hark! the horn of combat calls—
Ere the golden evening falls,
May we pledge that horn in triumph round! (26)

Many a heart, that now beats high,
In slumber cold at night shall lie,
Nor waken even at victory's sound:—
But oh! how blest that hero's sleep!
O'er whom a wondering world shall weep!

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AFTER THE BATTLE.

I.

NIGHT clos'd around the conqueror's way,
And lightnings show'd the distant hill,
Where those who lost that dreadful day,
Stood few and faint, but fearless still!
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimm'd, for ever crost—
Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honour's lost!

II.

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
And valour's task mov'd slowly by,
While mute they watch'd till morning's beam
Should rise, and give them light to die!—
There is a world, where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not Nature's bliss;
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?

OH! 'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

I.

OH! 'tis sweet to think, that where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear,

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And that, when we're far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near! (87)
The heart like a tendril accustomed to cling,
Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
But will lean, to the nearest, and loveliest thing,
It can twine with itself, and make closely its own.
Then oh! what pleasure where'er we rove,
To be doom'd to find something, still, that is dear,
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

II.

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
To make light of the rest, if the rose is not there:
And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,
They are both of them bright but they're changeable too,
And, wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
It will tincture Love's plume with a different hue!
Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be doom'd to find something still that is dear,
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

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THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

I.

THROUGH grief and through danger, thy smile hath
cheer'd my way,
Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round
me lay;
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love
burn'd,
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd;
Oh! slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
And bless'd even the sorrows, that made me more
dear to thee.

II.

Thy rival was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd
and scorn'd,
Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows
adorn'd;
She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st hid in
caves,
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! we
slaves;
Yet, cold in the earth, at thy feet I would rather be,
Than wed what I lov'd not, or turn one thought
from thee.

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III.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale!
They say too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains,
That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains—
Oh! do not believe them—no chain could that soul subdue—
Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too! (23)

ON MUSIC.

I.

WHEN thro' life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes, we us'd to love
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
Oh how welcome breathes the strain!
Wakening thoughts that long have slept,
Kindling former smiles again,
In faded eyes that long have wept!

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II.

Like the gale, that sighs along
  Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
  That once was heard in happier hours.
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
  Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when Pleasure's dream is gone,
  Its memory lives in Music's breath!

III.

Music!—oh! how faint, how weak,
  Language faints before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak,
  When thou canst breathe her soul so well.
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
  Love's are ev'n more false than they.
Oh! 'tis only Music's strain
  Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED. (39)

I.

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
  When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
That can tell how belov'd was the friend that's fled,
  Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.

d by Google

'Tis the tear, thro' many a long day wept,
Thro' a life, by his loss all shaded;
'Tis the sad remembrance, fondly kept,
When all lighter griefs have faded!

II.

Oh! thus shall we mourn, and his memory's light,
While it shines through our hearts, will improve them,
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
When we think how it liv'd but to love them!
And, as buried saints have given perfume,
To shrines where they've been lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
From the image he left there in dying!

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

I.

'Tis believ'd that this Harp, which I wake now for thee,
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea;
And who, often at eve, through the bright billow rov'd,
To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she lov'd.

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II.

But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night, her gold ringlets to steep,
Till heav'n look'd, with pity, on true-love so warm,
And chang'd to this soft Harp, the sea-maiden's form!

III.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheek smil'd the same,
While her sea-beauties gracefully curl'd round the frame;
And her hair shedding tear-drops from all its bright rings,
Fell over her white arm, to make the gold strings! (80)

IV.

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To be love, when I'm near thee, and grief when away!

d by Google

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

I.

Oh! the days are gone, when beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love!
New hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life!
As Love's young dream!
Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life,
As Love's young dream!

II.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one lov'd name!

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III.

Oh! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,
Which first love trac'd;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste!
'Twas odour fled
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's winged dream;
'Twas a light, that ne'er can shine again,
On life's dull stream!
Oh! 'twas a light, that ne'er can shine again,
On life's dull stream!

THE PRINCE'S DAY. (31)

I.

THO' dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
And smile thro' our tears, like a sunbeam in showers;
There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
More form'd to be grateful and blest than ours!
But just when the chain
Has ceas'd to pain,
And hope has enwreath'd it round with flowers,
There comes a new link
Our spirit to sink—

d by Google

Oh! the joy that we taste like the light of the poles,
Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay;
But tho' 'twere the last little spark in our souls,
We must light it up now on our Prince's Day.

II.

Contempt on the minion, who calls you disloyal;
Tho' fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;
And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.
While cowards, who blight
Your fame, your right,
Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array,
The Standard of Green
In front would be seen—
Oh! my life on your faith! were you summon'd this minute,
You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
And show what the arm of old Erin has in it,
When rous'd by the foe, on her Prince's Day.

III.

He loves the green Isle, and his love is recorded
In hearts, which have suffered too much to forget;

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And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet!
The gem may be broke
By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray,
Each fragment will cast
A light, to the last!—
And thus, Erin, my country! tho' broken thou art,
There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will decay;
A spirit which beams thro' each suffering part,
And now smiles at their pain, on the Prince's Day!

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

I.

WEEP on, weep on, your hour is past;
Your dreams of pride are o'er;
The fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are men no more!
In vain the hero's heart hath bled;
The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain;—
Oh, Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again!

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II.

Weep on—perhaps, in after days,
They'll learn to love your name;
When many a deed shall wake in praise,
That now must sleep in blame!
And, when they tread the ruin'd isle!
Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
They'll wond'ring ask, how hands so vile
Could conquer hearts so brave!

III.

"'Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate
"Your web of discord wove;
"And while your tyrants join'd in hate,
"You never join'd in love!
"But hearts fell off, that ought to twine,
"A man profan'd what God had given,
'Till some were heard to curse the shrine,
"Where others knelt to heav'n!"

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

I

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;

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Right and left its arrows fly,
  But what they aim at no one dreameth!
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
  My Nora's lid that seldom rises;
Few its looks, but every one,
  Like unexpected light, surprises!
    Oh! my Nora Creina, dear!
  My gentle, bashful Nora Creina!
      Beauty lies
      In many eyes,
But love in yours, my Nora Creina!

II.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
  But all so close the nymph hath lac'd it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
  Presumes to stay where nature plac'd it.
Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
  That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
  To sink or swell as Heav'n pleases!
    Yes, my Nora Creina, dear!
  My simple, graceful Nora Creina!
      Nature's dress
      Is loveliness—
The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina!

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III.

Lesbia hath a wit refin'd,
  But, when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell, if they're design'd
  To dazzle merely or to wound us?
Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
  In safer slumber Love reposes—
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
  Is but the crumpling of the roses.
    Oh, my Nora Creina, dear!
  My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
      Wit, tho' bright,
      Hath not the light
That warms your eyes, my Nora Creina!

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

I.

I SAW thy form in youthful prime,
  Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of time,
  And waste its bloom away, Mary!
Yet still thy features wore that light,
  Which fleets not with the breath;
And life ne'er look'd more truly bright
  Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

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II.

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
Yet humbly, calmly glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, Mary!
So, veil'd beneath the simplest guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that, which charm'd all other eyes,
Seem'd worthless in thy own, Mary!

III.

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;
Or, could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!
Though many a gifted mind we meet;
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee, Mary! (32)

BY THAT LAKE WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE. (33)

I.

By that lake, whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er, (34)

by Google

Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.
"Here at least," he calmly said,
"Woman ne'er shall find my bed."
Ah! the good saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

II.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,
Eyes of most unholy blue!
She had lov'd him well and long,
Wish'd him her's, nor thought it wrong.
Wheresoe'er the saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

III.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heav'n, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth, nor heaven is free
From her power, if fond she be;
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

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IV.

Fearless she had track'd his feet,
To this rocky wild retreat!
And when morning met his view;
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah! your saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

V.

Glendalough! thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave;
Soon the Saint, (yet ah! too late,)
Felt her love and mourn'd her fate.
When he said, 'Heav'n rest her soul!'
Round the Lake like music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling, o'er the fatal tide!

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

I.

SHE is far from the land, where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing;

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But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying!

II.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he lov'd awaking—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking!

III.

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwin'd him—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

IV.

Oh! make her a grave, where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West
From her own lov'd Island of sorrow!

NAY, TELL ME NOT.

I.

NAY, tell me not, dear! that the goblet drowns
One charm of feeling, one fond regret;

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Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.
Ne'er hath a beam
Been lost in the stream
That ever were shed from thy form or soul!
The balm of thy sighs
The light of thine eyes,
Still float on the surface, and hallow my bowl!
Then fancy not, dearest! that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me!
Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee!

II.

They tell us that love in his fairy bower
Had two blush roses of birth divine;
He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,
But bath'd the other with mantling wine.
Soon did the buds,
That drank of the floods
Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and fade;
While those which the tide
Of ruby had dy'd,
All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet maid!
Then fancy not, dearest! that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me!
Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

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AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

I.

AVENGING and bright fall the swift sword of Erin ([35])
On him, who the brave sons of Usna betray'd!—
For every fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in,
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

II.

By the red cloud that hung over Connor's dark dwelling, ([36])
When Ulad's three champions lay sleeping in gore ([37])
By the billows of war which, so often, high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore!—

III.

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head!

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IV.

Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Tho' sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWERET.

I.

He.—WHAT the bee is to the floweret,
When he looks for honey-dew,
Through the leaves that close embower it,
That, my love, I'll be to you!

He.—What the bank, with verdure glowing,
Is to waves that wander near,
Whispering kisses, while they're going,
That I'll be to you my dear!

II.

She.—But, they say, the bee's a rover
That he'll fly, when sweets are gone;
And, when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on!

d by Google

He.—Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks,
If sunny banks *will* wear away,
'Tis but right, that bees and brooks
Should sip and kiss them, while they may.

LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

I.

'HERE we dwell, in holiest bowers,
'Where angels of light o'er our orisons bend;
Where sighs of devotion and breathings of flowers
To heaven in mingled odour ascend!
'Do not disturb our calm, oh Love!
'So like is thy form to the cherubs above,
'It well might deceive such hearts as ours.'

II.

Love stood near the Novice, and listen'd,
And Love is no Novice in taking a hint;
His laughing blue eyes now with piety glisten'd!
His rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint.
'Who would have thought,' the urchin cries,
'That Love could so swell, so gravely disguise
'His wandering wings and wounding eyes

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III.

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
Young Novice, to him all thy orisons rise;
He tinges the heav'nly fount with his weeping,
He brightens the censer's flame with his sighs.
Love is the saint enshrined in thy breast,
And angels themselves would admit such a guest,
If he came to them, cloth'd in Piety's vest.

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUERED WITH PLEASURES AND WOES.

I.

THIS life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
That chase one another, like waves of the deep,
Each billow, as brightly or darkly it flows,
Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.
So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
That the laugh is awak'd, ere the tear can be dried;
And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
The goose-feathers of Folly can turn it aside.
But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,
With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,
Be ours the light Grief, that is sister to Joy,
And the short, brilliant Folly, that flashes and dies!

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II.

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
Thro' fields full of sunshine, with hearts full of play,
Light rambled the boy over meadow and mount,
And neglected his task for the flowers on the way. (38)
Thus some who, like me, should have drawn and have tasted
The fountain, that runs by Philosophy's shrine,
Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,
And left their light urns all as empty as mine!
But pledge me the goblet—while Idleness weaves
Her flowerets together, if Wisdom can see
One bright drop or two, that has fall'n on the leaves
From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me!

OH THE SHAMROCK!

I.

THROUGH Erin's Isle,
To sport awhile,
As Love and Valour wander'd,
With Wit, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright

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A thousand arrows squander'd;
Where'er they pass,
A triple grass (89)
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green
As emeralds, seen
Thro purest crystal gleaming!
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

II.

Says Valour, 'See,
'They spring for me,
'Those leafy gems of morning;'
Says Love, 'No, no,
'For *me* they grow,
'My fragrant path adorning!'
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries, 'Oh! do not sever
'A type, that blends
'Three god-like friends,
'Love, Valour, Wit, for ever!'
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

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III.

So firmly fond
May last the bond,
They wove that morn together,
And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall
On Wit's celestial feather!
May Love, as shoot
His flowers and fruit,
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em!
May Valour ne'er
His standard rear
Against the cause of freedom!
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

I.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we lov'd, when life was warm in thine eye,
And I think that, if spirits can steal from the regions of air

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To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come
to me there,
And tell me our love is remember'd, even in the sky.

II.

Then I sing the wild song it once was rapture to hear
When our voices, commingling, breath'd, like one,
on the ear;
And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad
orison rolls,
I think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the king-
dom of souls, (40)
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so
dear.

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

I.

ONE bumper at parting!—tho' many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any
Remains to be crown'd by us yet.
The sweetness that pleasure has in it,
Is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas, till the minute
It dies, do we know half its worth!

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But fill—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die midst the tears of the cup.

II.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit a while
Those few sunny spots, like the present,
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
But Time, like a pitiless master,
Cries, 'onward!' and spurs the gay hours,
And never does time travel faster,
Than when his way lies among flowers.
But, come—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die midst the tears of the cup.

III.

This evening, we saw the sun sinking,
In waters his glory made bright—
Oh! trust me, our farewell of drinking
Should be like the farewell of light.
You saw how he finish'd, by darting
His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—
So fill up, let's shine at our parting,
In full liquid glory like him.

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And oh! may our life's happy measure
Of moments like this be made up;
'Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure,
It dies 'mid the tears of the cup!

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

I.

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!

II.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping
Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie senseless and dead.

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III.

So soon may I follow
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

I.

THE young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
How sweet to rove
Through Morna's grove, (41)
While the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear!
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear!
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

II.

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,

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And I, whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear,
The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
Or, in watching the flight
Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

THE MINSTREL BOY

I.

THE Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him,
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
'Land of song!' said the warrior-bard,
'Tho' all the world betrays thee,
'*One* sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
'*One* faithful harp shall praise thee!'

II.

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;

d by Google

And said, 'No chains shall sully thee,
'Thou soul of love and bravery!
'Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
'They shall never sound in slavery!'

THE SONG OF O'RUARK.

PRINCE OF BREFFNI. (42)

I.

THE valley lay smiling before me,
Where lately I left her behind;
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me,
That sadden'd the joy of my mind.
I look'd for the lamp which, she told me,
Should shine, when her Pilgrim return'd,
But though darkness began to infold me,
No lamp from the battlements burn'd!

II.

I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely
As if the lov'd tenant lay dead!
Ah, would it were death, and death only!
But no—the young false one had fled.
And there hung the lute, that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss,
While the hand, that had wak'd it so often,
Now throbb'd to a proud rival's kiss.

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III.

There *was* a time, falsest of women!
When Brefini's good sword would have sough
That man, through a million of foemen,
Who dar'd but to doubt thee *in thought!*
While now—oh degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame!
And thro' ages of bondage and slaughter,
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

IV.

Already, the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane!
They come to divide—to dishonour,
And tyrants they long will remain!
But, onward!—the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt;
On *our* side is Virtue and Erin!
On *theirs* is the Saxon and Guilt.

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF OUR OWN.

I

Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean, far off alone,

d by Google

Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers.
Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give!

II.

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love, as they lov'd in the first golden time;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there.
With affection as free
From decline as the bowers,
And with Hope, like the bee,
Living always on flowers,
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on, holy and calm as the night!

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FAREWELL!—BUT, WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

I.

FAREWELL!—but, whenever you welcome the hour,
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend, who once welcom'd it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return—not a hope may remain
Of the few, that have brighten'd his path-w pain—
But he ne'er will forget the short vision, that th
Its enchantment around him, while ling'rin you!

II.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles!—
Too blest, it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd, 'I wish he were here!'

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III.

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy us'd to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd—
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

I.

OH! doubt me not—the season
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal Reason
Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.
Altho' this heart was early blown,
And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,
They only shook some blossoms down,
Its fruit has all been kept for thee.
Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal Reason
Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.

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II.

And tho' my lute no longer
May sing of Passion's ardent spell,
Yet, trust me, all the stronger
I feel the bliss I do not tell.
The bee thro' many a garden roves,
And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
But, when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there, and hums no more.
Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er, when Folly kept me free,
And now the vestal Reason
Shall guard the flame awak'd by thee.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN. (43)

I.

YOU remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
How meekly she bless'd her humble lot,
When the stranger, William, had made her his bride,
And love was the light of their lowly cot.
Together they toil'd through winds and rains,
Till William at length, in sadness said,
'We must seek our fortune on other plains;'
Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

d by Google

II.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,
Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
When now, at close of one stormy day,
They see a proud castle among the trees.
'To-night,' said the youth, 'we'll shelter there;
'The wind blows cold, the hour is late:'—
So, he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
And the Porter bow'd, as they pass'd the gate.

III.

'Now, welcome, Lady!' exclaim'd the youth,—
'This castle is thine, and these dark woods all,'
She believ'd him wild, but his words were truth,
For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!—
And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
What William the stranger woo'd and wed;
And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
Is pure as it shone in the lonely shed.

I'D MOURN THE HOPES.

I'D mourn the hopes that leave me,
If thy smiles had left me too;
I'd weep, when friends deceive me,
If thou wert, like them, untrue.

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But, while I've thee before me,
With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
No clouds can linger o'er me,
That smile turns them all to light!

II.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me;
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shar'd with thee.
One minute's dream about thee
Were worth a long, and endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
My only love, my only dear!

III.

And, tho' the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh! we shall journey on, love,
More safely, without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me
Along the path I've yet to roam—
The mind, that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

IV.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller, at first goes out,

d by Google

He feels awhile benighted,
And looks round, in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless star-light on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that which Heaven sheds!

COME O'ER THE SEA.

I.

COME o'er the sea,
Maiden with me,
Mine thro' sunshine, storm, and snows!
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.
Let fate frown on, so we love and part not;
'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death where thou art not!
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

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II.

Is not the Sea
Made for the Free,
Land for courts and chains alone?
Here we are slaves,
But, on the waves
Love and Liberty's all our own!
No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us!—
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me,
Mine thro' sunshine, storm, and snows!
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

I.

HAS sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That, even in sorrow, were sweet?
Does Time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was so dear?—

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Then, child of misfortune! come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

II.

Has love to that soul, so tender,
Been like our Leganian mine, (44)
Where sparkles of golden splendour
All over the surface shine—
But if in pursuit we go deeper,
Allur'd by the gleam that shone,
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

III.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story, (45)
That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory,—
Has Hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And, when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away?

IV.

If thus the sweet hours have fleeted
When Sorrow herself looked bright:
If thus the fond hope has cheated,
That led thee along so light;

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If thus, too, the cold world wither
Each feeling that once was dear;
Come, child of misfortune! come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

I.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
When, half-awaking from fearful slumbers,
He thinks the full quire of heaven is near,—
Then came that voice, when, all forsaken,
This heart long had sleeping lain,
Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
To such benign, blessed sounds again.

II.

Sweet voice of comfort! 'tis like the stealing
Of summer wind thro' some wreathed shell—
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul echoed to its spell!
Twas whisper'd balm—'twas sunshine spoken!—
I'd live years of grief and pain
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign, blessed sounds again!

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WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

I.

WHEN first I met thee warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee,
And on thy lip such promise hung,
I did not dare to doubt thee,
I saw thee change, yet still relied,
Still clung with hope the fonder,
And thought though false to all beside,
From me thou couldst not wander.
But go, deceiver! go,—
The heart whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserves that thou should'st break it!

II.

When every tongue thy follies nam'd,
I fled the unwelcome story;
Or found, in even the faults they blam'd,
Some gleams of future glory.
I still was true, when nearer friends
Conspir'd to wrong, to slight thee,
The heart, that now thy falsehood rends,
Would then have bled to right thee.

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But go, deceiver! go,—
Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

III.

Even now, tho' youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee;
The few who lov'd thee once have fled,
And they who flatter scorn thee.
Thy midnight cup is pledg'd to slaves,
No genial ties enwreath it;
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank, cold hearts beneath it!
Go—go—tho' worlds were thine
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine
For all thy guilty splendour!

IV.

And days may come, thou false one! yet,
When even those ties shall sever!
When thou wilt call with vain regret,
On her thou'st lost for ever!
On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
With smiles had still receiv'd thee,
And gladly died to prove thee all
Her fancy first believ'd thee.

d by Google

Go—go—'tis vain to curse,
'Tis weakness to upbraid thee;
Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame have made thee!

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

I.

WHILE History's Muse the memorial was keeping
Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
For her's was the story that blotted the leaves.
But oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write,
With a pencil of light
That illum'd all the volume, her WELLINGTON'S name!

II.

'Hail, Star of my Isle!' said the Spirit, all sparkling
'With beams, such as break from her own dewy skies;
'Thro' ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
'I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.

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'For, tho' Heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot,
'And unhallow'd they sleep in the cross-ways of Fame;—
'But, oh! there is not
'One dishonouring blot
'On the wreath that encircles my WELLINGTON'S name!

III.

'Yet, still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
'The grandest, the purest ev'n *thou* hast yet known;
'Tho' proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
'Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
'At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou hast stood,
Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame—
'And, bright o'er the flood
'Of her tears and her blood,
'Let the rainbow of Hope be her WELLINGTON'S name!'

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THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

I.

THE time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Tho' Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn'd the lore she brought me.
My only books
Were Woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

II.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him, the Sprite, (45)
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me,
But while her eyes were on me—
If once their ray
Was turn'd away,
O! winds could not outrun me.

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III.

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No—vain, alas! th' endeavour
From bonds so sweet to sever;—
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever!

WHERE IS THE SLAVE.

I.

WHERE is the slave, so lowly,
Condemn'd to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decay'd it,
When thus its wing
At once may spring
To the throne of him who made it?
Farewell, Erin!—farewell all,
Who live to weep our fall.

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II.

Less dear the laurel growing
Alive, untouch'd, and blowing,
Than that, whose braid
Is pluck'd to shade
The brows, with victory glowing!
We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us!
Farewell, Erin!—farewell all,
Who live to weep our fall!

COME REST IN THIS BOSOM.

I.

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer!
Tho' the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last!

II.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Thro' joy and thro' torments, thro' glory and shame?

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I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art!

III.

Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,—
Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too!

'TIS GONE AND FOR EVER.

I.

'Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead—
When man from the slumber of ages awaking,
Look'd upward, and bless'd the pure ray, ere it fled!
'Tis gone—and the gleams it has left of its burning
But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,
That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
And darkest of all, hapless Erin o'er thee.

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II.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting
Around thee, thro' all the gross clouds of the world;
When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,
At once, like a sun-burst, her banner unfurl'd.(47)
Oh, never shall earth see a moment so splendid!
Then, then—had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
The tongues of all nations—how sweet had ascended
The first note of Liberty, Erin! from thee.

III.

But, shame on those tyrants, who envied the blessing!
And shame on light race, unworthy its good,
Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies, caressing
The young hope of Freedom, baptiz'd it in blood!
Then vanish'd for ever that fair, sunny vision,
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and elysian,
As first it arose, my lost Erin! on thee.

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I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I.

I SAW from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;
I came, when the sun o'er that beach was declining,
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone!

II.

Ah! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known:
Each wave, that we danc'd on at morning, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone!

III.

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;—
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.

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IV.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first wak'd a new life thro' his frame,
And his soul—like the wood, that grows precious in burning—
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame!

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

I.

FILL the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.
Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when thro' the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

II.

Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,

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And bring down its ray
From the starr'd dominions:—
So We, Sages, sit,
And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning,
From the Heav'n of Wit
Draw down all its lightning!

III.

Wouldst thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit?
It chanc'd upon that day,
When, as bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
The living fires that warm us.

IV.

The careless Youth, when up
To Glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup
To hide the pilfer'd fire in:—
But oh his joy! when, round
The halls of Heaven spying,
Amongst the stars he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying.

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V.

Some drops were in that bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure,
With which the Sparks of Soul
Mix'd their burning treasure!
Hence the goblet's shower
Hath such spells to win us;
Hence its mighty power
O'er that Flame within us.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

I.

DEAR Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbound thee,
And gave all thy cords to light, freedom, and song!
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

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II.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;
Go, sleep, with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
'Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.

MY GENTLE HARP.

I.

My gentle Harp! once more I waken
The sweetness of thy slumb'ring strain;
In tears our last farewell was taken,
And now in tears we meet again.
No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,
But—like those Harps, whose heav'nly skill
Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken—
Thou hang'st upon the willows still.

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II.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
An hour of peace and triumph came,
And many an ardent bosom bounded
With hopes—that now are turned to shame.
Yet even then, while Peace was singing
Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
Tho' joy and hope to others bringing,
She only brought new tears to thee.

III.

Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping Harp, from chords like thine?
Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan's decline!
Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
Invoke thy breath for Freedom's strains,
When ev'n the wreaths, in which I dress thee,
Are sadly mix'd—half flowers, half chains!

IV.

But, come,—if yet thy frame can borrow
One breath of joy—oh, breathe for me,
And shew the world, in chains and sorrow,
How sweet thy music still can be;
How gaily, ev'n mid gloom surrounding,
Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill—
Like Memnon's broken image, sounding,
'Mid desolation tuneful still. (49)

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AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

I.

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
So loath we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts, where'er we rove,
To those we've left behind us!

II.

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
We talk with joyous seeming,—
With smiles, that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While mem'ry brings us back again
Each early tie that twin'd us,
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us!

III.

And when in other climes we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flow'ry, wild and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting;

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We think how great had been our bliss,
If Heav'n had but assigned us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us!

IV.

As trav'llers oft look back, at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing,—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

I.

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own,
And the light that surrounds us is all from within;
Oh, it is not, believe me, in that happy time
We can love, as in hours of less transport we may;—
Of our smiles, of our hopes 'tis the gay sunny prime,
But affection is warmest when these fade away.

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II.

When we see the first glory of youth pass us by,
Like a leaf on the stream that will never return;
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
First tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn;
Then, then is the moment affection can sway
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew;
Love, nurs'd among pleasures, is faithless as they,
But the Love, born of Sorrow, like Sorrow is true!

III.

In climes full of sunshine, tho' splendid their dyes,
Yet faint is the odour that flow'rs shed about;
'Tis the clouds and the mists of our own weeping skies,
That call the full spirit of fragrancy out.
So the wild glow of passion may kindle from mirth,
But 'tis only in grief true affection appears:—
And, ev'n tho' to smiles it may first owe its birth,
All the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears.

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WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

I.

WHEN cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast
lov'd,
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;
Or, if from their slumber the veil be remov'd,
Weep o'er them in silence, and close it again.
And oh! if 'tis pain to remember how far
From the path-ways of light he was tempted to
roam,
Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
That arose on his darkness, and guided him
home.

II.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
The revealings, that taught him true Love to
adore,
To feel the bright presence, and turn him with
shame
From the idols he blindly had knelt to before.
O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,
Thou cam'st, like a soft golden calm o'er the sea;
And, if happiness purely and glowingly smil'd
On his ev'ning horizon, the light was from thee.

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III.

And tho', sometimes, the shade of past folly would rise,
And tho' falsehood again would allure him to stray,
He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
And the folly, the falsehood soon vanished away.
As the Priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,
So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there.

REMEMBER THEE.

I.

REMEMBER thee! yes, while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

II.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,

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I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But, oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

III.

No! thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast!

WREATH THE BOWL.

I

WREATH the bowl
With flow'rs of soul.
The brightest Wit can find us,
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heav'n to-night
And leave dull earth behind us!
Should Love amid
The wreaths be hid
That Joy, th' enchanter, brings us,
No danger fear,
While wine is near,
We'll drown him if he stings us;

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Then wreath the bowl
With flow'rs of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heav'n to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us!

II.

'Twas nectar fed
Of old, 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
And man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipt's as follows;—
Take wine like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended,
Then bring Wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar, splendid!
So, wreath the bowl
With flow'rs of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us!

III.

Say, why did Time
His glass sublime

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Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine he knew,
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly.
Oh, lend it us,
And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we'd sever,
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever!
Then wreath the bowl
With flow'rs of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heav'n to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us!

WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.

I.

WHENE'ER I see those smiling eyes,
All fill'd with hope, and joy, and light,
As if no cloud could ever rise,
To dim a heav'n so purely bright—
I sigh to think how soon that brow
In grief may lose its every ray.

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And that light heart, so joyous now,
Almost forget it once was gay.

II.

For Time will come with all its blights,
The ruin'd hope—the friend unkind—
The love that leaves, where'er it lights,
A chill'd or burning heart behind!
While youth that now like snow appears,
Ere sullied by the dark'ning rain,
When once 'tis touch'd by sorrow's tears,
Will never shine so bright again!

IF THOU'LT BE MINE.

I.

If thou'lt be mine, the treasures of th' air,
Of earth and sea shall lie at thy feet;
Whatever in Fancy's eye looks fair
Or in Hope's sweet music is *most* sweet
Shall be ours, if thou wilt be mine, love!

II.

Bright flow'rs shall bloom wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream,
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth shall be all one beautiful dream
In our eyes—if thou wilt be mine, love!

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III.

And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,
Like streams that come from heaven-ward hills,
Shall keep our hearts—like meads, that lie
To be bath'd by those eternal rills—
Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love!

IV.

All this and more the Spirit of Love
Can breathe o'er them, who feel his spells;
That heaven, which forms his home, above,
He can make, on earth, wherever he dwells,
And he will—if thou wilt be mine, love!

TO LADIES' EYES.

I.

To Ladies' Eyes a round, boy,
We can't refuse, we can't refuse,
Tho' bright eyes so abound, boy,
'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose.
For thick as stars that lighten
Yon airy bow'rs, yon airy bow'rs,
The countless eyes that brighten
This earth of ours, this earth of ours.

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But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
  Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
  So drink them all! so drink them all!

II.

Some looks there are, so holy,
  They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n,
As splendid beacons, solely,
  To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n.
While some—oh! ne'er believe them—
  With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
Would lead us (God forgive them!)
  The other way, the other way.
But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
  Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find love there, boy,
  So drink them all! so drink them all!

III

In some, as in a mirror,
  Love seems portray'd, Love seems portray'd,
But shun the flattering error,
  'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.
Himself has fix'd his dwelling
  In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
And lips—but this is telling,
  So here they go! so here they go!

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Fill up, fill up—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

I.

FORGET not the field where they perish'd,
The truest, the last of the brave,
All gone—and the bright hope we cherish'd
Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave!

II.

Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts as they bounded before,
In the face of high heav'n to fight over
That combat for freedom once more;—

III.

Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then,
Oh! 'tis not in Man nor in Heaven,
To let Tyranny bind it again!

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IV.

But 'tis past—and, tho' blazon'd in story
The name of our Victor may be,
Accurst is the march of that glory,
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

V.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illum'd by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all, who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame!

THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

I.

THEY may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,
I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
And, until they can show me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.
As long as the world has such eloquent eyes,
As before me this moment enraptur'd I see,
They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me

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II.

In Mercury's star, where each minute can bring them
New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
Tho' the nymphs may have livelier poets to sing them, (50)
They've none, even there, more enamoured than I.
And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,
And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

III.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,
At twilight so often we've roam'd through the dew,
There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,
And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you, (51)
But, tho' they were even more bright than the queen
Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,
As I never those fair young celestials have seen,
Why,—this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

IV.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,

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Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
Heav'n knows we have plenty on earth we could spare.
Oh! think what a world we should have of it here
If the haters of peace, or affection and glee,
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

OH FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME!

I.

OH for the swords of former time!
Oh for the men who bore them,
When, arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd before them!
When pure yet, ere courts began
With honours to enslave him,
The best honours worn by man
Were those which Virtue gave him.
Oh for the swords of former time!
Oh! for the men who bore them,
When, arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd before them.

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II.

Oh for the Kings who flourished then!
Oh for their pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them!
When, safe built on bosoms true,
The throne was but the centre,
Round which Love a circle drew,
That Treason durst not enter.
Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then!
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men,
Were all the ramparts round them.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

JOYS THAT PASS AWAY.

I.

JOYS that pass away like this,
  Alas! are purchas'd dear,
If ev'ry beam of bliss
  Is follow'd by a tear.
Fare thee well, oh fare thee well;
Soon, too soon, thou hast broke the spell.
  Oh! I ne'er can love again
    The girl, whose faithless art,
  Could break so dear a chain,
    And with it break my heart.

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II.

Once, when truth was in those eyes,
How beautiful they shone,
But, now that lustre flies,
For truth, alas! is gone.
Fare thee well, oh fare thee well;
How I've lov'd my hate shall tell.
Oh how lorn, how lost, would prove
Thy wretched victim's fate,
If, when deceiv'd in love,
He could not fly to hate.

THE EAST INDIAN.

I.

COME May, with all thy flowers,
Thy sweetly scented thorn,
Thy cooling ev'ning showers,
Thy fragrant breath at morn.
When May-flies haunt the willow,
When May-buds tempt the bee,
Then, o'er the shining billow
My love will come to me.

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II.

From Eastern isles, she wingeth
Through wat'ry wiles her way,
And on her cheek she bringeth
The bright sun's orient ray!
Oh! come and court her hither,
Ye breezes mild and warm,
One winter's gale would wither
So soft, so pure a form.

III.

The fields where she was straying
Are bless'd with endless light;
With zephyrs always playing
Through gardens always bright.
Then now, oh May! be sweeter
Than e'er thou'st been before.
Let sighs from roses meet her,
When she comes near our shore.

A FINLAND LOVE SONG.

I.

I SAW the moon rise clear
O'er hills and dales of snow,
Nor told my fleet rein-deer
The way I wish'd to go;

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But, quick he bounded forth,
For well my rein-deer knew,
I've but one path on earth,
That path which leads to you.

II.

The gloom that winter cast,
How soon the heart forgets;
When summer brings at last
Her sun that never sets!
So dawn'd my love for you,
And chasing ev'ry pain,
Than summer sun more true,
'Twill never set again.

FROM LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

I.

FROM life without freedom, oh! who would not fly,
For one day of freedom, oh! who would not die.
Hark, hark! 'tis the trumpet, the call of the brave,
The death-song of tyrants, and dirge of the slave.
Our country lies bleeding, oh! fly to her aid,
One arm that defends, is worth hosts that invade.

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II.

In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains,
The dead fear no tyrants; the grave has no chains:
On, on to the combat! the heroes that bleed
For virtue and mankind, are heroes indeed!
And oh! ev'n if Freedom from this world be driven,
Despair not—at least we shall find her in heav'n!

OH! YES—SO WELL, SO TENDERLY.

I.

OH! yes—so well, so tenderly,
Thou'rt lov'd, ador'd by me;
Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
Are worthless without thee.
Tho' brimm'd with blisses pure and rare,
Life's cup before me lay,
Unless thy love were mingled there,
I'd spurn the draught away.

II.

Without thy smile how joylessly
All glory's meeds I see!
And ev'n the wreath of victory,
Must owe its bloom to thee.

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Those worlds for which the conq'ror sighs,
For me have now no charms;
My only world those radiant eyes,
My throne those circling arms.

LOVE THEE, DEAREST, LOVE THEE!

I.

LOVE thee, dearest, love thee!
Yes, by yonder star I swear,
Which thro' tears, above thee
Shines so sadly fair.
Though too oft dim
With tears like him,
Like him my truth will shine;
And love thee, dearest, love thee!
Yes—till death I'm thine.

II.

Leave thee, dearest, leave thee!
No—that star is not more true;
When my vows deceive thee
He will wander too.
A cloud of night
May veil his light,
And death shall darken mine;
But leave thee, dearest, leave thee!
No—till death I'm thine.

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OH YES, WHEN THE BLOOM.

I.

OH yes, when the bloom of Love's boyhood is o'er,
He'll turn into friendship that feels no decay,
And tho' time may take from him the wings he once wore,
The charms that remain will be bright as before,
And he'll lose but his young trick of flying away.

II.

Then let it console thee, if Love should not stay,
That friendship our last happy moments shall crown,
Like the shadows of morning, Love lessens away,
While friendship, like those at the closing of day,
Will linger and lengthen as life's sun goes down.

OH! REMEMBER THE TIME.

I.

OH! remember the time in La Mancha's shades,
When our moments so blissfully flew;
When you called me the flow'r of Castilian maids,
And I blush'd to be call'd so by you.

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When I taught you to warble the gay Seguadille,
And to dance to the light Castanet:
Oh! never, dear youth, let you roam where you will,
The delight of those moments forget.

II.

They tell me you lovers from Erin's green isle,
Every hour a new passion can feel;
And that soon in the light of some lovelier smile,
You'll forget the poor maid of Castile.
But, they know not how brave in the battle you are,
Or they never could think you would rove;
For, 'tis always the spirit most gallant in war,
That is fondest and truest in love.

LIGHT SOUNDS THE HARP.

I.

LIGHT sounds the Harp, when the combat is over,
When heroes are resting, and Joy is in bloom;
When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lov..
And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume
But when the foe returns,
Again the hero burns,
High flames the sword in his hand once mor

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The clang of mingling arms,
Is then the sound that charms,
And brazen notes of war, by thousand trumpets sung.
Oh! then comes the Harp, when the combat is over,
When heroes are resting, and Joy is in bloom;
When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover.
And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.

II.

Light went the Harp, when the War-God reclining,
Lay lull'd on the white arm of beauty to rest;
When round his rich armour the myrtle hung twining,
And flights of young doves made his helmet their rest.
But when the battle came,
The hero's eye breath'd flame;
Soon from his neck the white arm was flung;
While to his wak'ning ear,
No other sounds were dear,
But the brazen notes of war, by thousand trumpets sung.
But then came the light Harp, when danger was ended,
And beauty once more lull'd the War-God to rest;
When tresses of gold with his laurels lay blended,
And flights of young doves made his helmet their rest.

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COULDST THOU LOOK AS DEAR.

I.

COULDST thou look as dear, as when
First I sigh'd for thee,
Couldst thou make me feel again
Ev'ry wish I breath'd thee then,
Oh how blissful life would be!
Hopes that now beguiling leave me,
Joys that lie in slumber cold,
All would wake, couldst thou but give me
One dear smile like those of old.

II.

Oh! there's nothing left us now,
But to mourn the past:—
Vain was ev'ry ardent vow,
Never yet did Heaven allow
Love so warm, so wild, to last.
Not ev'n Hope could now deceive me,
Life itself looks dark and cold;
Oh! thou never more canst give me,
One dear smile like those of old.

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OH! SOON RETURN!

I.

OUR white sail caught the ev'ning ray,
The wave beneath us seem'd to burn,
When all my weeping love could say,
Was—'Oh! soon return!'
Thro' many a clime our ship was driven,
O'er many a billow rudely thrown;
Now chill'd beneath a northern heav'n,
Now sunn'd by summer's zone.
Yet still, where'er our course we lay,
When ev'ning bid the west wave burn,
I thought I heard her faintly say—
'Oh! soon return!'

II.

If ever yet my bosom found
Its thoughts a moment turn'd from thee,
'Twas when the combat rag'd around,
And brave men look'd to me.
But, tho' mid battle's wild alarm
Love's gentle pow'r might not appear,
He gave to Glory's brow the charm
That ma le ev'n danger dear.

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And then the Vict'ry's calm came o'er
The hearts where rage had ceased to burn,
I heard that farewell voice once more—
'Oh! soon return!'

LOVE'S LIGHT SUMMER CLOUD.

I.

PAIN and sorrow shall vanish before us,
Youth may wither, but feeling will last;
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er us,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast,
Oh! if to love thee more
Each hour I number o'er;
If this a passion be
Worthy of thee,
Then, be happy, for thus I adore thee,
Charms may wither, but feeling will last;
ll the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

II.

Rest, dear bosom! no sorrow shall pain thee,
Sighs of pleasure alone shalt thou steal;
Beam bright, eyelid! no weeping shall stain thee,
Tears of rapture alone thou shalt feel.

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Oh! if there be a charm
In love to banish harm;
If pleasure's truest spell
Be to love well,
Then, be happy, for thus I adore thee,
Charms may wither, but feeling will last;
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast!

WHEN MIDST THE GAY I MEET.

I.

WHEN midst the gay I meet
That gentle smile of thine,
Tho' still on me it turn most sweet,
I scarce can call it mine.
But, when to me alone
Your secret tears you show,
Oh, then I feel those tears my own,
And claim them while they flow.
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

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II.

The snow on Jura's steep
Can smile with many a beam,
Yet still in chains of coldness sleep,
How bright so e'er it seem;
But when some deep-felt ray,
Whose touch is fire, appears,
Oh! then the smile is warm'd away,
And, melting, turns to tears.
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

WHEN TWILIGHT DEWS.

I.

WHEN twilight dews are falling soft
Upon the rosy sea, love,
I watch the star, whose beam so oft
Has lighted me to thee, love.
And, thou too on that orb so dear,
Ah, dost thou gaze at even;
And think, tho' lost for ever here,
Thou'lt yet be mine in heaven.

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II.

There's not a garden-walk I tread,
  There's not a flower I see, love,
But brings to mind some hope that's fled,
  Some joy I've lost with thee, love.
And still I wish that hour was near,
  When friends and foes forgiven,
The pains, the ills we've wept thro' here,
  May turn to smiles in heaven.

THE YOUNG ROSE.

THE young rose which I gave thee, so dewy and bright,
Was the flow'ret most dear to the sweet bird of night,
Who oft by the moonlight o'er her blushes hath hung,
And thrill'd every leaf with the wild lay he sung.

II.

Oh take thou this young rose, and let her life be
Prolong'd by the breath she will borrow from thee;
For while o'er her bosom thy soft notes shall thrill,
She'll think the sweet night-bird is courting her still.

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DUET.

LOVE, MY MARY, DWELLS WITH THEE.

I.

He.—LOVE, my Mary, dwells with thee,
On thy cheek his bed I see.
She.—No, that cheek is pale with care—
Love can find no roses there.
Both.—'Tis not on the bed of rose,
Love can find the best repose;
In my heart his home thou'lt see,
There he lives, and lives for thee.

II.

He.— Love, my Mary, ne'er can roam,
While he makes that eye his home.
She.— No, the eye with sorrow dim,
Ne'er can be a home for him.
Both.—Yet 'tis not in beaming eyes,
Love for ever warmest lies;
In my heart his home thou'lt see,
There he lives, and lives for thee.

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THE SONG OF WAR.

I.

THE song of war shall echo thro' our mountains
Till not one hateful link remains
Of slav'ry's ling'ring chains,
Till not one tyrant tread our plains,
Nor traitor-lip pollute our fountains,
No, never till that glorious day,
Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
Or hear, Oh Peace, thy welcome lay
Resounding through her sunny mountains.

II.

The song of war shall echo thro' our mountains
Till victory's self shall smiling say
'Your cloud of foes hath pass'd away,
'And freedom comes with new-born ray,
'To gild your vines and light your fountains!'
Oh never till that glorious day,
Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
Or hear, Oh Peace, thy welcome lay
Resounding through her sunny mountains.

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HERE'S THE BOW'R.

I.

HERE'S the bow'r she lov'd so much,
And the tree she planted;
Here's the harp she us'd to touch,—
Oh! how that touch enchanted!
Roses now unheeded sigh,
Where's the hand to wreathe them?
Songs around neglected lie,
Where's the lip to breathe them?
Here's the bow'r she lov'd so much,
And the tree she planted;
Here's the harp she us'd to touch,
Oh! how that touch enchanted!

II.

Spring may bloom, but she we lov'd
Ne'er shall feel its sweetness!
Time that once so fleetly moved,
Now hath lost its fleetness.
Years were days, when here she stray'd,
Days were moments near her,
Heav'n ne'er form'd a brighter maid,
Nor pity wept a dearer!
Here's the bow'r she lov'd so much,
And the tree she planted;
Here's the harp she us'd to touch,
Oh! how that touch enchanted!

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A

MELOLOGUE

UPON

NATIONAL MUSIC.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

These verses were written for a Benefit at the Dublin Theatre, and were spoken by Miss Smith, with a degree of success, which they owed solely to her admirable manner of reciting them. I wrote them in haste, and it very rarely happens that poetry, which has cost but little labour to the writer, is productive of any great pleasure to the reader. Under this impression, I should not have published them, if they had not found their way into some of the newspapers, with such an addition of errors to their own original stock, that I thought it but fair to limit their responsibility to those faults alone which really belong to them.

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With respect to the Title which I have invented for this Poem, I feel even more than the scruples of the Emperor Tiberius, when he humbly asked pardon of the Roman Senate for using 'the outlandish term Monopoly.' But the truth is, having written the Poem, with the sole view of serving a Benefit, I thought that an unintelligible word of this kind would not be without its attraction for the multitude; with whom, 'If 'tis not sense, at least 'tis Greek.' To some of my readers, however, it may not be superfluous to say, that by 'Melologue' I mean that mixture of recitation and music, which is frequently adopted in the performance of Collins's Ode on the Passions, and of which the most striking example I can remember, is the prophetic speech of Joad, in the Athalie of Racine.

T. M.

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A

MELOLOGUE

UPON

NATIONAL MUSIC.

INTRODUCTORY MUSIC—*Haydn.*

There breathes the language, known and felt
Far as the pure air spreads its living zone,
Wherever rage can rouse, or pity melt
That language of the soul is felt and known.
From those meridian plains,
(Where oft, of old, on some high tower,
The soft Peruvian pour'd his midnight strains,
And call'd his distant love with such sweet power,
That when she heard the lonely lay,
Not worlds could keep her from his arms away.*)

* A certain Spaniard, one night late, met an Indian woman in the streets of Cozco, and would have taken her to his home, but she cried "For God's sake, Sir, let me go; for that pipe, which you hear in yonder tower, calls me with great passion, and I

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To the bleak climes of polar night,
Where, beneath a sunless sky,
The Lapland lover bids his rein-deer fly,
And sings along the lengthening waste of snow,
As blithe, as if the blessed light
Of vernal Phœbus burn'd upon his brow.
Oh Music! thy celestial claim
Is still resistless, still the same!
And faithful as the mighty sea
To the Pale star that o'er its realm presides,
The spell-bound tides
Of human passion rise and fall for thee!

GREEK AIR.

List! 'tis a Grecian maid that sings,
While from Ilissus' silvery springs
She draws the cool lymph in her graceful urn;
And by her side, in music's charm dissolving,
Some patriot youth, the glorious past revolving,
Dreams of bright days that never can return;
When Athens nurs'd her olive bough
With hands, by tyrant pow'r unchain'd,
And braided for the muse's brow
A wreath, by tyrant touch unstain'd.

---

cannot refuse the summons; for love constrains me to go, that I may be his wife and he my husband." *Garcilasso de la Vega, in Sir Paul Rycaut's translation.*

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When heroes trod each classic field,
Where coward feet now faintly falter;
When every arm was Freedom's shield,
And every heart was Freedom's altar.

FLOURISH OF TRUMPET.

Hark! 'tis the sound that charms
The war-steed's wakening ears!—
Oh! many a mother folds her arms
Round her boy-soldier, when that call she hears,
And tho' her fond heart sink with fears,
Is proud to feel his young pulse bound
With valour's fervor at the sound!
See! from his native hills afar,
The rude Helvetian flies to war.
Careless for what, for whom he fights,
For slave or despot, wrongs or rights;
A conqueror oft—a hero never—
Yet lavish of his life-blood still,
As if 'twere like his mountain rill,
And gush'd for ever!
Oh Music! here, even here,
Amid this thoughtless wild career,
Thy soul-felt charm asserts its wond'rous power.
There is an air, which oft among the rocks
Of his own lov'd land, at evening hour,
Is heard when shepherds homeward pipe their flocks:

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Oh! every note of it would thrill his mind
With tenderest thoughts—would bring around his knees
The rosy children whom he left behind,
And fill each little angel eye
With speaking tears that ask him why
He wander'd from his hut for scenes like these?
Vain, vain is then the trumpet's brazen roar,
Sweet notes of home—of love—are all he hears,
And the stern eyes, that look'd for blood before,
Now melting mournful lose themselves in tears!

SWISS AIR

But wake the trumpet's blast again,
And rouse the ranks of warrior men!
Oh War! when Truth thy arm employs,
And Freedom's spirit guides the labouring storm,
'Tis then thy vengeance takes a hallow'd form.
And like heaven's lightning sacredly destroys!
Nor Music! thro' thy breathing sphere,
Lives there a sound more grateful to the ear
Of him who made all harmony,
Than the blest sound of fetters breaking,
And the first hymn that man, awaking
From Slavery's slumber, breathes to Liberty!

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SPANISH AIR.

Hark! from Spain, indignant Spain,
Bursts the bold enthusiast strain,
Like morning's music on the air,
And seems in every note to swear,
By Saragossa's ruin'd streets,
By brave Gerona's deathful story,
That while *one* Spaniard's life-blood beats,
That blood shall stain the Conqueror's glory!
But ah! if vain the patriot's zeal,
If neither valour's force nor wisdom's light
Can break or melt that blood-cemented seal,
Which shuts so close the book of Europe's right—
What song shall then in sadness tell
Of broken pride, of prospects shaded;
Of buried hopes, remember'd well,
Of ardour quench'd and honour faded?
What muse shall mourn the breathless brave,
In sweetest dirge at memory's shrine?
What harp shall sigh o'er Freedom's grave?
Oh Erin! thine!

IRISH AIR—*Gramachree.*

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APPENDIX,

CONTAINING

THE ORIGINAL ADVERTISEMENTS

TO THE

IRISH MELODIES,

AND

THE PREFATORY LETTER ON MUSIC.

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PREFIXED TO THE

FIRST AND SECOND NUMBERS.

WILLIAM POWER takes the liberty of announcing to the Public a Work which has long been a *Desideratum* in this country. Though the beauties of the National Music of Ireland have been very generally felt and acknowledged, yet it has happened, through the want of appropriate English words, and of the arrangement necessary to adapt them to the voice, that many of the most excellent Compositions have hitherto remained in obscurity. It is intended, therefore, to form a Collection of the best Original IRISH MELODIES, with characteristic Symphonies and Accompaniments; and with Words containing, as frequent as possible, allusions to the

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manners and history of the Country. Sir JOHN STEVENSON has very kindly consented to undertake the arrangement of the airs; and the lovers of simple National Music may rest secure, that in such tasteful hands, the native charms of the original melody will not be sacrificed to the ostentation of science.

In the poetical Part, W. POWER has had promises of assistance from several distinguished Literary Characters, particularly from Mr MOORE whose lyrical talent is so peculiarly suited to such a task, and whose zeal in the undertaking will be best understood from the following extract of a Letter which he has addressed to Sir JOHN STEVENSON on the subject:—

'I feel very anxious that a work of this kind should 'be undertaken. We have too long neglected the 'only talent, for which our English Neighbours 'ever deigned to allow us any credit. Our National 'Music has never been properly collected; (1) and, 'while the composers of the Continent have enrich-'ed their Operas and Sonatas with Melodies borrowed from Ireland,—very often without even the Honesty of Acknowledgment—we have left these treasures in a great degree unclaimed and fugitive.

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'Thus our Airs, like too many of our countrymen, 'for want of protection at home, have passed into 'the service of foreigners. But we are come, I 'hope, to a better period both of Politics and Music; 'and how much they are connected, in Ireland at 'least, appears too plainly in the tone of sorrow and 'depression which characterizes most of our early 'Songs.—The task which you propose to me, of 'adapting words to these airs, is by no means easy. 'The Poet, who would follow the various sentiments 'which they express, must feel and understand that 'rapid fluctuation of spirits, that unaccountable 'mixture of gloom and levity, which composes the 'character of my countrymen, and has deeply tinged 'their Music. Even in their liveliest strains we find 'some melancholy note intrude, some minor Third 'or flat Seventh—which throws its shade as it 'passes, and makes even mirth interesting. If 'BURNS had been an Irishman, (and I would 'willingly give up all our claims upon OSSIAN for 'him,) his heart would have been proud of such 'music, and his genius would have made it immor-'tal.

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'Another difficulty (which is, however, purely 'mechanical) arises from the irregular structure of 'many of those airs, and the lawless kind of metre 'which it will in consequence be necessary to adapt 'to them. In these instances the Poet must write, 'not to the eye, but to the ear; and must be con-'tent to have his verses of that description which 'CICERO mentions, '*Quos si cantu spoliaveris, nuda 'remanebit oratio.*' That beautiful Air, 'The 'Twisting of the Rope, which has all the romantic 'character of the Swiss *Ranz des Vaches*, is one of 'those wild and sentimental rakes, which it will not 'be very easy to tie down in sober wedlock with 'Poetry. However, notwithstanding all these 'difficulties, and the very little talent which I can 'bring to surmount them, the design appears to 'me so truly National, that I shall feel much plea-'sure in giving it all the assistance in my power.'

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TO THE

THIRD NUMBER.

IN presenting the Third Number of this Work to the public, W. POWER begs leave to offer his acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage with which it has been honoured; and to express a hope that the unabated zeal of those who have hitherto so admirably conducted it, will enable him to continue it through many future Numbers with equal spirit, variety, and taste. The stock of popular Melodies is far from being exhausted; and there is still in reserve an abundance of beautiful Airs, which call upon Mr MOORE, in the language he

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so well understands, to save them from the oblivion to which they are hastening.

W. POWER respectfully trusts he will not be thought presumptuous in saying, that he feels proud, as an Irishman, in even the very subordinate share which he can claim, in promoting a Work so creditable to the talents of the country—a Work, which, from the spirit of nationality it breathes, will do more he is convinced, towards liberalizing the feelings of society, and producing that brotherhood of sentiment which it is so much our interest to cherish than could ever be effected by the arguments of wise, but uninteresting, politicians.

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LETTER

TO

THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGAL

PREFIXED TO

THE THIRD NUMBER.

WHILE the Publisher of these Melodies very properly inscribes them to the Nobility and Gentry of Ireland in general, I have much pleasure in selecting *one* from that number, to whom *my* share of the Work is particularly dedicated.—Though your Ladyship has been so long absent from Ireland, I know that you remember it well and warmly—that you have not allowed the charm of English society, like the taste of the lotus, to produce oblivion of your country. but that even the humble tribute

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which I offer derives its chief claim upon your interest from the appeal which it makes to your patriotism. Indeed, absence, however fatal to some affections of the heart, rather strengthens our love for the land where we are born; and Ireland is the country of all others, which an exile must remember with enthusiasm. Those few darker and less amiable traits, with which bigotry and misrule have stained her character, and which are too apt to disgust us upon a nearer intercourse, become softened at a distance, or altogether invisible; and nothing is remembered but her virtues and her misfortunes—the zeal with which she has always loved liberty, and the barbarous policy which has always withheld it from her—the ease with which her generous spirit might be conciliated, and the cruel ingenuity which has been exerted to 'wring her into undutifulness.' (*)

It has often been remarked, and oftener felt, that our music is the truest of all comments upon our history. The tone of defiance, succeeded by the languor of despondency—a burst of turbulence dying away into softness—the sorrows of one mo-

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ment lost in the levity of the next—and all that romantic mixture of mirth and sadness, which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively temperament, to shake off, or forget, the wrongs which lie upon it: such are the features of our history and character, which we find strongly and faithfully reflected in our music; and there are many airs, which, I think, it is difficult to listen to, without recalling some period or event to which their expression seems peculiarly applicable. Sometimes, when the strain is open and spirited, yet shaded here and there by a mournful recollection, we can fancy that we behold the brave allies of Montrose, (z) marching to the aid of the royal cause, notwithstanding all the perfidy of Charles and his ministers, and remembering just enough of past sufferings to enhance the generosity of their present sacrifice. The plaintiv melodies of Carolan take us back to the times in which he lived, when our poor countrymen were driven to worship their God in caves, or to quit for ever the land of their birth (like the bird that abandons the nest, which human touch has violated;) and in many a song do we hear the last farewell of

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the exile, (4) mingling regret for the ties he leaves at home, with sanguine expectations of the honours that await him abroad—such honours as were won on the field of Fontenoy, where the valour of Irish Catholics turned the fortune of the day in favour of the French, and extorted from George the Second that memorable exclamation, 'Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects!'

Though much has been said of the antiquity of our music, it is certain that the finest and most popular airs are modern; and perhaps we may look no farther than the last disgraceful century for the origin of most of those wild and melancholy strains, which were at once the offspring and solace of grief, and which were applied to the mind, as music was formerly to the body, 'decantare loca dolentia.' Mr Pinkerton is of opinion (5) that none of the Scotch popular airs are as old as the middle of the sixteenth century; and though musical antiquaries refer us, for some of our melodies, to so early a period as the fifth century, I am persuaded that there are few, of a *civilized* description, (and by this I mean to exclude all the savage Ceanans, cries, ('

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&c.) which can claim quite so ancient a date as Mr Pinkerton allows to the Scotch. But music is not the only subject upon which our taste for antiquity is rather unreasonably indulged; and, however heretical it may be to dissent from these romantic speculations, I cannot help thinking that it is possible to love our country very zealously, and to feel deeply interested in her honour and happiness, without believing that Irish was the language spoken in Paradise; (9) that our ancestors were kind enough to take the trouble of polishing the Greeks; (8) or that Abaris, the Hyperborean, was a native of the north of Ireland.

By some of these archæologists it has been imagined that the Irish were early acquainted with counterpoint; (10) and they endeavour to support this conjecture by a well-known passage in Giraldus, where he dilates, with such elaborate praise, upon the beauties of our national minstrelsy. But the terms of this eulogy are too vague, too deficient in technical accuracy, to prove that even Giraldus himself knew any thing of the artifice of counterpoint. There are many expressions in the Greek

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and Latin writers which might be cited, with much more plausibility, to prove that they understood the arrangement of music in parts; ([11]) yet I believe it is conceded in general by the learned, that, however grand and pathetic the melody of the ancients may have been, it was reserved for the ingenuity of modern Science to transmit the 'light of Song' through the variegating prism of Harmony.

Indeed the irregular scale of the early Irish (in which, as in the music of Scotland, the interval of the fourth was wanting) ([12]) must have furnished but wild and refractory subjects to the harmonist. It was only when the invention of Guido began to be known, and the powers of the harp ([13]) were enlarged by additional strings, that our melodies took the sweet character which interests us at present; and while the Scotch persevered in the old mutilation of the scale, ([14]) our music became gradually more amenable to the laws of harmony and counter-point.

In profiting, however, by the improvements of the moderns, our style still kept its originality sacred from their refinements; and though Carolan had frequent opportunities of hearing the works of

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Geminiani and other masters, we but rarely find him sacrificing his native simplicity to the ambition of their ornaments or affectation of their science. In that curious composition, indeed, called his Concerto, it is evident that he laboured to imitate Corelli; and this union of manners so very dissimilar produces the same kind of uneasy sensation, which is felt at a mixture of different styles of architecture. In general, however, the artless flow of our music has preserved itself free from all tinge of foreign innovation, ([15]) and the chief corruptions, of which w have to complain, arise from the unskilful performance of our own itinerant musicians, from whom, too frequently, the airs are noted down, encumbered by their tasteless decorations, and responsible for all their ignorant anomalies. Though it be sometimes impossible to trace the original strain, yet, in most of them, 'auri per ramos *aura* refulget,' ([16]) the pure gold of the melody shines through the ungraceful foliage which surrounds it, and the most delicate and difficult duty of a compiler is to endeavour, as much as possible, by retrenching these inelegant superfluities, and collecting the various methods of

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playing or singing each air, to restore the regularity of its form, and the chaste simplicity of its character.

I must again observe, that, in doubting the antiquity of our music, my scepticism, extends but to those polished specimens of the art, which it is difficult to conceive anterior to the dawn of modern improvement; and that I would by no means invalidate the claims of Ireland, to as early a rank in the annals of minstrelsy, as the most zealous antiquary may be inclined to allow her. In addition, indeed, to the power, which music must always have possessed over the minds of a people so ardent and susceptible, the stimulus of persecution was not wanting, to quicken our taste into enthusiasm; the charms of song were ennobled with the glories of martyrdom, and the acts against minstrels in the reigns of Henry VIII., and Elizabeth, were so successful, I doubt not, in making my countrymen musicians, as the penal laws have been in keeping them Catholics.

With respect to the verses which I have written for these Melodies, as they are intended rather to be sung than read, I can answer for their sound

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with somewhat more confidence than their sense; yet, it would be affectation to deny that I have given much attention to the task, and that it is not through want of zeal or industry, if I unfortunately disgrace the sweet airs of my country, by poetry altogether unworthy of their taste, their energy, and their tenderness.

Though the humble nature of my contributions to this work, may exempt them from the rigours of literary criticisms, it was not to be expected that those touches of political feeling, those tones of national complaint, in which the poetry sometimes sympathizes with the music, would be suffered to pass without censure or alarm. It has been accordingly said, that the tendency of this publication is mischievous, (17) and that I have chosen these airs but as a vehicle of dangerous politics—as fair and precious jewels (to borrow an image of St Augustin,) (18) from which the wine of error might be administered. To those who identify nationality with treason, and who see, in every effort for Ireland, a system of hostility towards England,—to those too, who, nursed

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in the gloom of prejudice, are alarmed by the faintest gleam of liberality, that threatens to disturb their darkness; like that Demophon of old who, when the sun shone upon him, shivered! (13) —to such men I shall not deign to apologize, for the warmth of any political sentiment which may occur in the course of these pages. But as there are many, among the more wise and tolerant, who, with feeling enough to mourn over the wrongs of their country, and sense enough to perceive all the danger of not redressing them, may yet think that allusions in the least degree bold or inflammatory, should be avoided in a publication of this popular description—I beg of these respected persons to believe, that there is no one who deprecates, more sincerely than I do, any appeal to the passions of an ignorant and angry multitude; but that it is not through that gross and inflammable region of society, a work of this nature could ever have been intended to circulate. It looks much higher for its audience and readers—it is found upon the piano-fortes of the rich, and the educated—of those, who can afford to have

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their national zeal a little stimulated, without exciting much dread of the excesses into which it may hurry them; and of many, whose nerves may be, now and then, alarmed with advantage, as much more is to be gained by their fears, than could ever be expected from their justice.

Having thus adverted to the principal objection, which has been hitherto made to the poetical part of this work, allow me to add a few words in defence of my ingenious coadjutor, Sir John Stevenson, who has been accused of having spoiled the simplicity of the airs, by the chromatic richness of his symphonies, and the elaborate variety of his harmonies. We might cite the example of the admirable Haydn, who has sported through all the mazes of musical science, in hi arrangement of the simplest Scottish melodies; but it appears to me, that Sir John Stevenson has brought a national feeling to this task, which it would be in vain to expect from a foreigner, however tasteful or judicious. Through many of his own compositions we trace a vein of Irish sentiment, which points him out as peculiarly suited

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to catch the spirit of his country's music; and, far from agreeing with those critics, who think that his symphonies have nothing kindred with the airs which they introduce, I would say that, in general, they resemble those illuminated initials of old manuscripts, which are of the same character with the writing which follows, though more highly coloured ([20]) and more curiously ornamented.

In those airs which are arranged for voices, his skill has particularly distinguished itself, and, though it cannot be denied that a single melody most naturally expresses the language of feeling and passion, yet, often, when a favourite strain has been dismissed, as having lost its charm of novelty for the ear, it returns, in a harmonized shape, with new claims upon our interest and attention; and to those who study the delicate artifices of composition, the construction of the inner parts of these pieces must afford, I think, considerable satisfaction. Every voice has an air to itself, a flowing succession of notes, which might be heard with pleasure, independent of the

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rest, so artfully has the harmonist (if I may thus express it) *gavelled* the melody, distributing an equal portion of its sweetness to every part.

If your Ladyship's love of Music were not known to me, I should not have hazarded so long a letter upon the subject; but as probably, I may have presumed too far upon your partiality, the best revenge you can take is to write me just as long a letter upon Painting; and I promise to attend to your theory of the art, with a pleasure only surpassed by that, which I have so often derived from your practice of it.—May the mind which such talents adorn, continue calm as it is bright, and happy as it is virtuous!

Believe me, your Ladyship's

Grateful Friend and Servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

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ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

FOURTH NUMBER.

THIS Number of the Melodies ought to have appeared much earlier; and the writer of the words is ashamed to confess, that the delay of its publication must be imputed chiefly, if not entirely, to him. He finds it necessary to make this avowal, not only for the purpose of removing all blame from the publisher, but in consequence of a rumour, which has been circulated industriously in Dublin, that the Irish Government had interfered to prevent the continuance of the Work. This would be, indeed, a revival of Henry the Eighth's enactments against Minstrels, and it is

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flattering to find that so much importance is attached to our compilation, even by such persons as the inventors of the report. Bishop Lowth, it is true, was of this opinion that *one* song, like the *Hymn to Harmodius*, would have done more towards rousing the spirit of the Romans than *all* the philippics of Cicero. But we live in wiser and less musical times; ballads have long lost their revolutionary powers, and we question if even a 'Lillibullero' would produce any very *serious* consequence at present. It is needless, therefore, to add, that there is no truth in the report; and we trust that whatever belief it obtained was founded more upon the character of *the Government* than of *the Work*.

The Airs of the last Number, though full of originality and beauty, were perhaps in general, too curiously selected to become all at once as popular as, we think, they deserve to be. The public are remarkably reserved towards new acquaintances in music, which, perhaps, is one of the reasons why many modern composers introduce none but old friends to their notice. Indeed

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it is natural that persons, who love music by association, should be slow in feeling the charms of a new and strange melody; while those, who have a quick sensibility for this enchanting art, will as naturally seek and enjoy novelty, because in every variety of strain they find a fresh combination of ideas, and the sound has scarcely reached the ear, before the heart has rapidly translated it into sentiment. After all, however, it cannot be denied that the most popular of our national airs are also the most beautiful: and it has been our wish, in the present Number, to select from those Melodies only which have long been listened to and admired. The least known in the collection is the Air of '*Love's Young Dream;*' but it is one of those easy, artless strangers whose merit the heart acknowledges instantly.

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TO THE

FIFTH NUMBER.

It is but fair to those, who take an interest in this Work to state that it is now very near its termination, and that the Sixth Number, which shall speedily appear, will most probably be the last of the series. Three volumes will then have been completed, according to the original plan, and the Proprietors desire me to say that a List of Subscribers will be published with the concluding Number.

It is not so much from a want of materials, and still less from any abatement of zeal or industry, that we have adopted the resolution of bringing our task to a close; but we feel so proud, for

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our country's sake and our own, of the interest which this purely Irish work has excited, and so anxious lest a particle of that interest should be lost, by any ill-judged protraction of its existence, that we think it wiser to take away the cup from the lip, while its flavour is yet, we trust, fresh and sweet, than to risk any longer trial of the charm, or to give so much as not to leave some wish for more. In speaking thus I allude entirely to the Airs, which are, of course, the main attraction of these Volumes; and, though we have still many popular and delightful melodies to produce, (*21) yet it cannot be denied that we should soon experience some difficulty, in equalling the richness and novelty of the earlier Numbers, for which, as we had the choice of all before us, we naturally selected only the most rare and beautiful. The Poetry too would be sure to sympathize with the decline of the Music; and, however feebly my words have kept pace with the *excellence* of the air they would follow their *falling off*, I fear, with wonderful alacrity. So that, altogether, both pride and prudence counsel us to stop while the way

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is yet, we believe, flourishing and attractive, and, in the imperial attitude, '*stantes mori*,' before we incur the charge either of altering for the worse, or, what is equally unpardonable, continuing too long the same.

We beg, however, to say, it is only in the event of our failing to find Airs as exquisite as most of those we have given, that we mean thus to anticipate the natural period of dissolution, like those Indians, who put their relatives to death, when they become feeble:—and they, who wish to retard this Euthanasia of the Irish Melodies, cannot better effect it than by contributing to our collection, not, what are called curious Airs, for we have abundance of them, and they are, in general, *only* curious, but any really sweet and expressive Songs of my Country, which either chance or research may have brought into their hands.

T. M.

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TO THE

SIXTH NUMBER.

IN presenting this Sixth Number to the Public as our last, and bidding adieu to the Irish Harp for ever, we shall not answer very confidently for the strength of our resolution, nor feel it quite sure that it may not prove, after all, to be only one of those eternal farewells, which a lover takes of his mistress occasionally. Our only motive indeed for discontinuing the Work, was a fear that our treasures were beginning to be exhausted, and an unwillingness to descend to the gathering of mere seed-pearl, after the very valuable gems it has been our lot to string together. But this intention, which we announced in our Fifth Number, has excited an anxiety in the lovers of Irish Music, not only pleasant and flat-

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tering, but highly useful to us; for the various contributions we have received in consequence, have enriched our collection with so many choice and beautiful Airs, that if we keep to our resolution of publishing no more, it will certainly be an instance of forbearance and self-command, unexampled in the history of poets and musicians. To one gentleman in particular, who has been many years resident in England, but who has not forgot, among his various pursuits, either the language or the melodies of his native country, we beg to offer our best thanks for the many interesting communications with which he has favoured us; and we trust that he and our other friends will not relax in those efforts by which we have been so considerably assisted; for though the Work must now be considered as defunct, yet—as Reaumur, the naturalist, found out the art of making the cicada sing after it was dead—it is not impossible that, some time or other, we may try a similar experiment upon the Irish Melodies.

T. M.

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TO THE

SEVENTH NUMBER.

IF I had consulted only my own judgment, this Work would not have been extended beyond the Six Numbers, already published; which contain, perhaps, the flower of our national melodies, and have attained a rank in public favour, of which I would not willingly risk the forfeiture, by degenerating, in any way, from those merits that were its source. Whatever treasures of our music were still in reserve, (and it will be seen, I trust, that they are numerous and valuable,) I would gladly have left to future poets to glean, and, with the ritual words, '*tibi trado*,' would have delivered up the torch into other hands, before it had lost

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much of its light in my own. But the call for a continuance of the work has been, as I understand from the Publisher, so general, and we have received so many contributions of old and beautiful airs, (22) the suppression of which, for the enhancement of those we have published, would resemble too much the policy of the Dutch in burning their spices, that I have been persuaded, though not without considerable diffidence in my success, to commence a new series of the Irish Melodies.

T. M.

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NOTES

TO THE

IRISH MELODIES.

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NOTES.

Note [1].—Page 3.

Remember the glories of Brian the brave.

Brian Borohme, the great Monarch for Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the 11th century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

Note [2].—Page 3.

Tho' lost to Mononia, *and cold in the grave.*

Munster.

Note [3].—Page 3.

He returns to Kinkora *no more.*

The palace of Brien.

Note [4].—Page 4.

Forget not our wounded companions who stood.

This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favourite troops of Brien,

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when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest.—'*Let stakes* (they said) *be stuck in the ground and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man.*' 'Between seven and eight hundred wounded men, (adds O'Halloran) pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops: never was such another sight exhibited.'—*History of Ireland*, Book 12. Chap. 1.

Note [6].—Page 8.

In times of old through Ammon's *shade.*

Solis Fons, near the temple of Ammon.

Note [6].—Page 11.

One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.

In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII., an act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or *Coulins*, (long locks) on their heads, or hair on their upper lip, called Crommeal. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear

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Coulin, (or the youth with the flowing locks) to all strangers, (by which the English were meant) or those who wore their habits. Of this song, the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired.'—Walker's Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards, page 134. Mr Walker informs us also, that about the same period, there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish Minstrels.

Note [1].—Page 11.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore.

This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote: 'The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and costly dress, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this Monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels.'—*Warner's History of Ireland*, Vol. I, Book 10.

Note [2].—Page 13.

The Meeting of the Waters.

'The Meeting of the Waters,' form a part of

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that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the summer of the year 1807.

Note [9].—Page 13.

As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.

The rivers Avon and Avoca.

Note [10].—Page 15.

St Senanus.

In a metrical life of St Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS., and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, we are told of his flight to the island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party; he refused to receive even a sister saint, St Cannera, whom an angel had taken to the island, for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biographer:

Cui Præsul, quid fœminis
Commune est cum monachis?
Nec te nec ullam aliam
Admittemus in insulam.

See the Acta Sanct. Hib. Page 610.

According to Dr Ledwich, St Senanus was no less a personage than the River Shannon; but O'Connor and other Antiquarians, deny this metamorphose indignantly.

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Note [11].—Page 18.

Where weary travellers love to call.

'In every house was one or two harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed, the more they excelled in music.'—*O'Halloran.*

Note [12].—Page 19.

We're fallen upon Gloomy days.

I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character, which it is my object to preserve throughout this work, to allude to the sad and ominous fatality, by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men, at a moment when she most requires all the aids of talent and integrity.

Note [13].—Page 20.

Thou of the hundred fights.

This designation, which has been applied to Lord Nelson before, is the title given to a celebrated Irish Hero, in a Poem by O'Gnive, the bard of O'Neil, which is quoted in the 'Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland,' page 433. 'Con, of the hundred fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories!'

Note [14].—Page 20.

Thou on whose burning tongue.

Fox, 'ultimus Romanorum.'

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Note [15].—Page 23.

When Malachi wore the collar of gold.

'This brought on an encounter between Malachi, (the Monarch of Ireland in the tenth century,) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory.'—*Warner' History of Ireland,* Vol. I. Book 9.

Note [16].—Page 23.

Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger.

'Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland; long before the birth of Christ, we find an hereditary order of Chivalry in Ulster, called *Curaidhe na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the palace of the Ulster kings, called *Teagh na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Academy of the Red Branch; and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called *Bron-bhearg*, or the house of the sorrowful soldier.'—*O'Halloran's Introduction, &c.* Part I. Chap. 5.

Note [17].—Page 23.

On Lough Neagh's Bank as the fisherman strays.

It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain,

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by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water. *Piscatores aquæ illius turres ecclesiasticas, quæ more patriæ arctæ sunt et altæ, necnon et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste, sereno tempore conspiciunt et extraneis transeuntibus, reique causas admirantibus, frequenter ostendunt.—Topogr. Hib. Dist.* 2. *C.* 9.

Note [18].—Page 24.

The Song of Fionnuala.

To make this story intelligible in a song, would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorized to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers in Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the mass-bell was to be the signal of her release. I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.

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Note [19].—Page 28.

Like the bright lamp, that shone in Kildare's holy fane.

The inextinguishable fire of St Bridget, at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions, 'Apud Kildariam occurrit Ignis Sanctæ Brigidæ, quem inextinguibilem vocant; non quod extingui non possit sed quod tam solicite moniales et sanctæ mulieres ignem, suppetente materia, fovent et nutriunt ut a tempore virginis per tot annorum curricula semper mansit inextinctus.'—*Girald. Camb. de Mirabil. Hibern.* Dist. 2. c. 34.

Note [20].—Page 29.

And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.

Mrs. H. Tighe, in her exquisite lines on the lily, has applied this image to a still more important subject.

Note [21].—Page 31.

Oh! blame not the bard.

We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards, whom Spencer so severely, and, perhaps, truly, describes in his state of Ireland, and whose poems, he tells us, 'Were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and

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vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue.'

Note [23].—Page 31.

Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart.

It is conjectured by Wormius, that the name of Ireland is derived from *Yr*, the Runic for a *bow*, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following: 'So that Ireland (called the land of *Ire*, for the constant broils therein for 400 years) was now become the land of concord.'—*Lloyd's State Worthies, Art. The Lord Grandison.*

Note [23].—Page 32.

Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.

See the Hymn, attributed to Alcæus, Εὐ μυρτου κλαδι το ξιφος φορησω—'I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton,' &c.

Note [24].—Page 33.

Which near our planet smiling came.

Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than they all put together.'—*Whiston's Theory, &c.*

In the *Entretiens d'Ariste*, among other inge-

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nious emblems, we find a starry sky without a moon, with the words *Non mille quod absens.*

Note [25].—Page 34.

The brook can see no moon but this.

This image was suggested by the following thought which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works: 'The moon looks upon many night-flowers, the night-flowers see but one moon.'

Note [26].—Page 36.

May we pledge that horn in triumph round!

'The Irish Corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages, our ancestors quaffed Meadh out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage at this day.'—*Walker.*

Note [27].—Page 38.

We have but to make love to the lips we are near!

I believe it is Marmontel who says, '*Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a.*'—There are so many matter-of-fact people, who take such *jeux d'esprit* as this defence of inconstancy, to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him, who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them, that Democritus was not the worse physiologist, for having playfully contended that snow was black; nor Erasmus, in any degree, the less wise, for having written an ingenious encomium of folly

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Note [28].—Page 40.

Where shineth thy *spirit, there liberty shineth too!*

'Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.' *St Paul, 2 Corinthians* iii. 17.

Note [29].—Page 41.

It is not the tear at this moment shed.

These lines were occasioned by the loss of a very near and dear relative, who died lately at Madeira.

Note [30].—Page 43.

Fell over her white arm, to make the gold strings.

This thought was suggested by an ingenious design, prefixed to an ode upon St Cecilia, published some years since, by Mr Hudson, of Dublin.

Note [31].—Page 45.

The Prince's Day.

This song was written for a fête in honour of the Prince of Wales's birthday, given by my friend, Major Bryan, at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.

Note [32].—Page 51.

Than to remember thee, Mary.

I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of Shenstone's, 'Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!'

Note [33].—Page 51.

By that Lake whose gloomy shore.

This Ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St Kevin, whose bed in the rock

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is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the County of Wicklow.

Note [34].—Page 51.

Skylark never warbles o'er.

There are many other curious traditions concerning this Lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Colgan, &c.

Note [35].—Page 56.

Avenging and bright fall the swift sword of Erin.

The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called 'Deirdri, or the lamentable fate of the Sons of Usnach,' which has been translated literally from the Gaelic, by Mr O'Flanagan, (see vol. 1. of *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin*,) and upon which it appears that the 'Darthula' of Macpherson is founded. The treachery of Conor, king of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. 'This story,' says Mr O'Flanagan, 'has been from time immemorial held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are, 'The Death of the Children of Touran;' 'The Death of the Children of Lear;' (both regarding Tuatha de Denans,) and this, 'the Death of the Children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian Story.'—It will be recollected, that in the Second Number of these Melodies, there is a ballad

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upon the story of the Children of Lear or Lir; 'Silent, Oh Moyle!' &c.

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity, which Mr O'Flanagan and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a very lasting reproach upon our nationality, if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement which they merit.

Note [36].—Page 56.

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's *dark dwelling.*

'Oh Naisi! view the cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Eman green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red.'—Deirdri's Song.

Note [37].—Page 56.

When Ulad's *three champions lay sleeping in gore.*

Ulster.

Note [38].—Page 60.

And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.

Proposito florem prætulit officio. *Propert. Lib.* 1 *Eleg.* 20.

Note [39].—Page 61.

A triple grass.

Saint Patrick is said to have made use of that species of trefoil, to which in Ireland we give the name of Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of

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the Trinity to the Pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem. Hope, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, 'standing upon tip-toes, and a trefoil, or three-coloured grass in her hand.'

Note [40].—Page 63.

I think, oh my love! 'tis a voice from the kingdom of souls.

'There are countries,' says Montaigne, 'where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fields; and that it is those souls, repeating the words we utter, which we call Echo.'

Note [41].—Page 66.

Through Morna's *grove.*

'Steals silently to Morna's Grove.'

See a translation from the Irish, in Mr Bunting's collection, by John Brown, one of my earliest college companions and friends, whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate as his life had been amiable, honourable, and exemplary.

Note [42].—Page 68.

Prince of Breffni.

These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland; if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first

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opportunity of profiting by our divisions and subduing us. The following are the circumstances as related by O'Halloran. 'The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the king of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage, (an act of piety frequent in those days,) and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns.'—The monarch Roderic espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

'Such,' adds Giraldus Cambrensis, (as I find him in an old translation,) 'is the variable and fickle nature of women, by whom all mischiefs in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the destruction of Troy.'

Note [43].—Page 73.

You remember Ellen.

This Ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story, told of certain noble family in England.

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Note [44].—Page 78.

Been like our Lagenian mine.

Our Wicklow Gold-Mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, the character here given of them.

Note [45].—Page 78.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story.

'The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off, with the talisman in his mouth. The Prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it; but, as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again,' &c.—*Arabian Nights, Story of Kummir al Zummaun and the Princess of China.*

Note [46].—Page 84.

Like him the Sprite.

This alludes to a kind of Irish Fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields, at dusk;—as long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed and in your power; but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement) he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun; but a high authority upon such subjects, Lady Morgan, (in a note upon her national and interesting Novel, O'Donnell) has given a very different account of that goblin.

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Note [47].—Page 88.

At once, like a sun-burst her banner unfurl'd.

'The Sun-Burst' was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the royal banner.'

Note [48].—Page 92.

In that rebellious but beautiful Song, 'When Erin first rose,' there is, if I recollect right, the following line;—

'The dark chain of silence was thrown o'er the deep.'

The Chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of a 'celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Almhaim, where the attending bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the Chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks.'—*See also the Ode to Gaul, the son of Morni, in Miss Brooke's Reliques of Irish Poetry.*

Note [49].—Page 94.

'Mid desolation tuneful still.

Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ,
Atque vetus Thebes centum jacet obruta portis.

Juvenal.

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Note [50].—Page 108.

Tho' the nymphs may have livelier poets to sing them.

Tous les habitans de Mercure sont vifs.

Pluralité des Mondes.

Note [51].—Page 108.

And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you.

La Terre pourra être pour Venus l'etoile du berger et la mère des amours, comme Venus l'est pour nous.—*Ib.*

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NOTES

TO

THE APPENDIX.

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NOTES.

Note [1].—Page 144.

The Writer forgot, when he made this assertion, that the Public are indebted to Mr Bunting for a very valuable collection of Irish Music; and that the patriotic genius of Miss Owenson has been employed upon some of our finest Airs.

Note [2].—Page 150.

A phrase which occurs in a letter from the Earl of Desmond to the Earl of Ormond, in Elizabeth's time.—*Scrinia Sacra*, as quoted by Curry.

Note [3].—Page 151.

There are some gratifying accounts of the gallantry of these Irish auxiliaries in "The complete History of the Wars in Scotland, under Montrose, (1660.) See particularly for the conduct of an Irishman at the battle of Aberdeen, chap. vi. p. 49; and, for a tribute to the bravery of Colonel O'Kyan, chap. vii. p. 55.—Clarendon owns that the Marquis

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of Montrose was indebted for much of his miraculous success to this small band of Irish heroes under Macdonnell.

Note [4].—Page 152.

The associations of the Hindu Music, though more obvious and defined, were far less touching and characteristic. They divided their songs according to the seasons of the year, by which (says Sir William Jones) 'they were able to recall the memory of autumnal merriment, at the close of the harvest, or of separation and melancholy during the cold months, &c.—*Asiatic Transactions*, vol. 3. On the Musical Modes of the Hindus.—What the Abbe du Bos says of the symphonies of Lully, may be asserted, with much more probability, of our bold and impassioned airs,—'elles auroient produit de ces effets, qui nous paroissent fabuleux dans le recit des anciens, si on les avoit fait entendre à des hommes, d'un naturel aussi vif que les Atheniens.—*Reflex. sur la Peinture*, &c. tom. 1. sect. 45.

Note [5].—Page 152.

Dissertation, prefixed to the 2nd volume of his Scottish Ballads.

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Note [6].—Page 152.

Of which some genuine specimens may be found at the end of Mr Walker's work upon the Irish Bards. Mr Bunting has disfigured his last splendid volume by too many of these barbarous rhapsodies.

Note [7].—Page 153.

See Advertisement to the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin.

Note [8].—Page 153.

O'Halloran, vol. I. part 1. chap. 6.

Note [9].—Page 153.

Id. ib. chap. 7.

Note [10].—Page 153.

It is also supposed, but with as little proof, that they understood the diesis, or enharmonic interval. —The Greeks seem to have formed their ears to this delicate gradation of sound; and, whatever difficulties or objections may lie in the way of its practical use, we must agree with Mersenne, (Preludes de l'Harmonie, quest. 7.) that the theory of music would be imperfect without it; and, even in practice, (as Tosi, among others, very justly remarks, Observations on Florid Song,

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chap. 1. sect. 16.) there is no good performer on the violin, who does not make a sensible difference between D sharp and E flat, though from the imperfection of the instrument, they are the same notes upon the piano-forte. The effect of modulation by enharmonic transitions is also very striking and beautiful.

Note [11].—Page 154.

The words ποικιλια ετεροφωνία, in a passage of Plato, and some expressions of Cicero in Fragment, lib. 2, de Republ., induced the Abbe Fraguier to maintain that the ancients had a knowledge of counter-point. M. Burette, however, has answered him, I think, satisfactorily. (Examen d'un passage de Platon, in the 3d. vol. of Histoire de l'Acad.) M. Huet is of opinion, (Pensées Diverses) that what Cicero says of the music of the spheres, in his dream of Scipio, is sufficient to prove an acquaintance with harmony; but one of the strongest passages, which I recollect, in favour of the supposition, occurs in the Treatise, attributed to Aristotle. Περι Κοσμου—Μουσικη δε όξεις αμα και βαρεις κ. τ. λ.

Note [12].—Page 154.

Another lawless peculiarity of our Music is the frequency of what composers call consecutive fifths; but this is an irregularity which can hardly

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be avoided by persons not very conversant with the rules of composition; indeed, if I may venture to cite my own wild attempts in this way, it is a fault which I find myself continually committing, and which has sometimes appeared so pleasing to my ear, that I have surrendered it to the critic with considerable reluctance. May there not be a little pedantry in adhering too rigidly to this rule?—I have been told that there are instances in Haydn of an undisguised succession of fifths; and Mr Shield, in his Introduction to Harmony, seems to intimate that Handel has been sometimes guilty of the same irregularity.

Note [13].—Page 154.

A singular oversight occurs in an Essay upon the Irish Harp, by Mr Beauford, which is inserted in the Appendix to Walker's Historical Memoirs.—'The Irish,' says he, according to Brompton, 'in the reign of Henry II., had two kinds of harps,' 'Hibernici tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, quamvis præcipitem et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundam,' the one greatly bold and quick, the other soft and pleasing.'—How a man of Mr Beauford's learning could so mistake the meaning, and mutilate the grammatical construction of this extract is unaccountable. The following is the passage, as I find it entire in Brompton, and it requires but little Latin to per-

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ceive the injustice which has been done to the words of the old Chronicler:—Et cum Scotia, hujus terræ filia, utatur lyra, tympano et choro, ac Wallia cithara, tubis et choro, Hibernici tamen in duobus musici, generis instrumentis, *quamvis præcipitem et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundam*, crispatis modulis et intricatis notulis, *efficiunt harmoniam.*' Hist. Anglic. Script. pag. 1075.—I should not have thought this error worth remarking, but that the compiler of the Dissertation on the Harp, prefixed to Mr Bunting's last Work has adopted it implicitly.

Note [14].—Page 154.

The Scotch lay claim to some of our best airs, but there are strong traits of difference between their melodies and ours. They had formerly the same passion for robbing us of our saints, and the learned Dempster was, for this offence, called 'the Saint Stealer.' I suppose it was an Irishman, who by way of reprisal, stole Dempster's beautiful wife from him at Pisa.—See this anecdote in the *Pinacotheca* of Erythræus, part 1. page 25.

Note [15].—Page 155.

Among other false refinements of the art, our music, (with the exception, perhaps, of the air called 'Mamma, Mamma,' and one or two more of the same ludicrous description) has avoided that puerile mimicry of natural noises, motions, &c.

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which disgraces so often the works of even the great Handel himself. D'Alembert ought to have had better taste than to become the patron of this imitative affectation.—*Discours Preliminaire de l' Encyclopedie.* The reader may find some good remarks on the subject in Avison upon Musical Expression; a work, which, though under the name of Avison, was written, it is said, by Dr Brown.

Note [18].—Page 155.

Virgil, Æneid. lib. 6. v. 204.

Note [11].—Page 157.

See Letters, under the signatures of Timæus, &c. in the *Morning Post*, *Pilot*, and other papers.

Note [18].—Page 157.

'Non accuso verba, quasi vasa electa atque pretiosa; sed vinum erroris, quod cum eis nobis propinatur.'—Lib. I. Confess. chap. 16.

Note [19].—Page 158.

This emblem of modern bigots was head-butler—(τραπεζοποιος) to Alexander the Great. *Sext. Empir. Pyrrh. Hypoth.* Lib. I.

Note [20].—Page 160.

The word 'chromatic' might have been used here, without any violence to its meaning.

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Note [21].—Page 166.

Among these is *Savourna Deelish*, which I have hitherto only withheld, from the diffidence I feel in treading upon the same ground as Mr Campbell, whose beautiful words to this fine Air have taken too strong possession of all ears and hearts, for me to think of producing any impression after him. I suppose, however, I must attempt it for the next Number.

Note [22].—Page 171.

One Gentleman, in particular, whose name I shall feel happy in being allowed to mention, has not only sent us near forty ancient airs, but has communicated many curious fragments of Irish poetry, and some interesting traditions, current in the country where he resides, illustrated by sketches of the romantic scenery to which they refer; all of which though too late for our present Number, will be of infinite service to us in the prosecution of our task.

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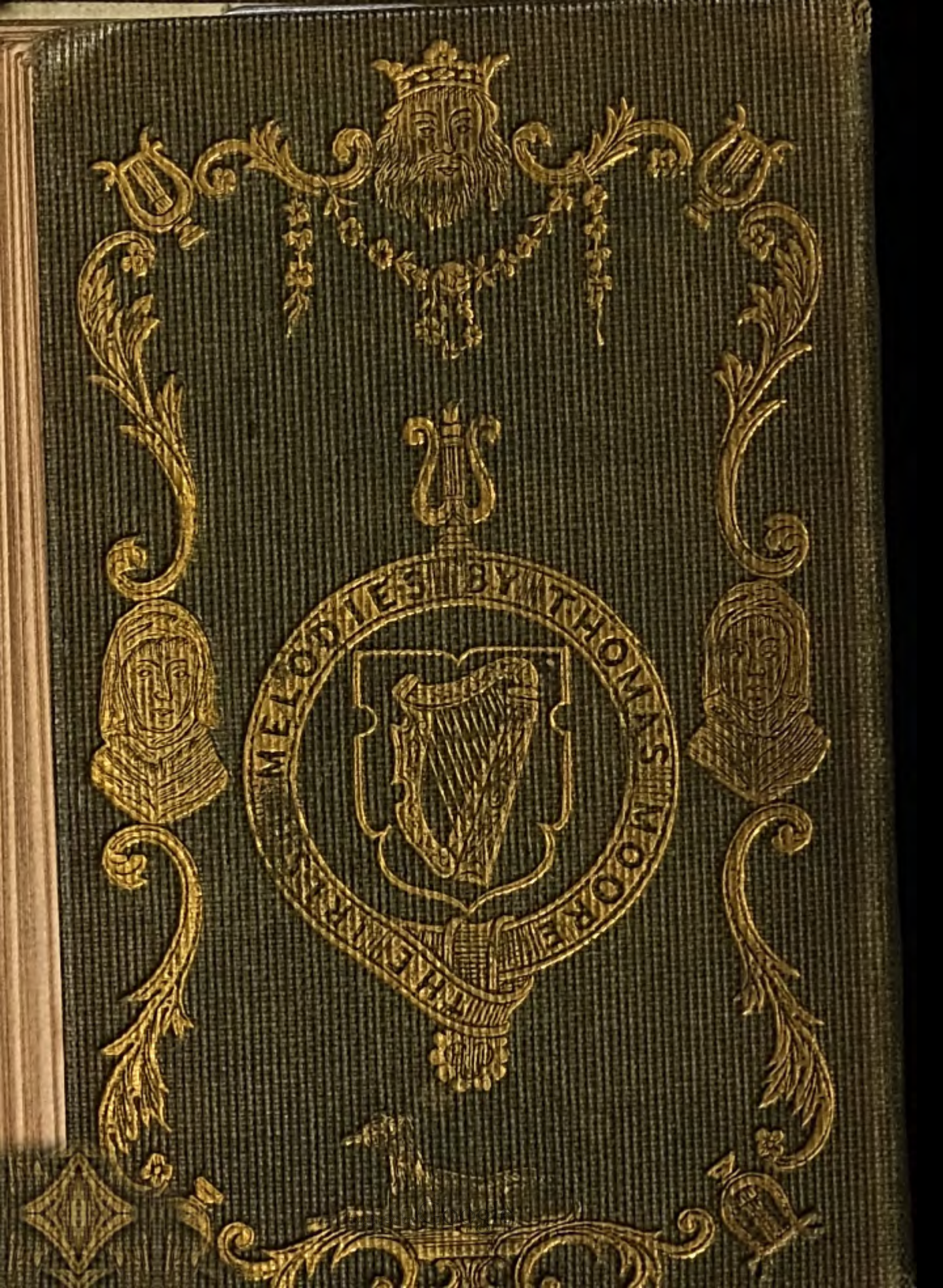
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